

JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

Vol. I.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1846.

No. 1.

OBLIGATIONS OF WEALTH.

WHAT is wealth? We consider our wants, and observe that food is indispensable to our physical existence; that clothing is very convenient, especially in the winter season; and that knowledge and development add much to our happiness and dignity as intellectual and spiritual beings. To supply ourselves with food, raiment and education, requires means—these means constitute wealth. To this end are all the obligations of wealth.—What is the source of wealth? We look abroad and behold the sun pouring out in bountiful profusion her light and heat to warm into life each plant and shrub, to give vegetation its beautiful colouring, and enable our sense of vision to enjoy the delightful prospect,—we see the plains spread out before us and the hills roll gently up around, all faithful to the seed entrusted to their fruitful bosoms, and to the flocks and herds that sport amid their products,—we glance into the clear waters and observe them peopled with the finny tribes, from the majestic whale that makes the fathomless and broad-rolling ocean his home, to the little minnow that sports in the cove,—we descend into the deep places of the earth and wonder at the boundless extent of her mineral treasures, from the diamond and glistening gold that strike the avaricious with moral blindness, to the most important inorganic matter subjected to our use:—where else can we look for the source of wealth? Nowhere, but to the application of the physical and mental strength necessary to subject all these to our use. These are the free gifts of God to the human family without distinction. Over them we have no rightful control except for our legitimate and prudent use in the attainment of happiness. To the benefits of the sun, the waters, the air and the land, all have a full and ample, equal and indisputable title, by the great Law that has ever been, is, and shall always continue to be. Over our powers of body and mind the will sits supreme. They were designed for exercise, which, when directed to the promotion of our greatest good, call forth from exuberant nature in

plentiful abundance all the wealth that can contribute to the happiness and exaltation of humanity. But toil cannot produce one iota more than this, whether the labourers be few or many. Whether our race number ten or ten thousand millions, the earth will yield to the same amount of toil from each person just enough and no more. To obtain a sufficiency, does not require such a constancy and severity of labour from any one as to leave not an adequate leisure for mental culture and gratification,—or would not, did justice reign among men. Hence, the only condition prescribed to fix the right of every individual to all that he can enjoy, is a pleasurable degree of personal toil. This condition being complied with, each is entitled by the law of nature and of reason, to all that can supply his physical demands, and contribute to his intellectual and moral elevation. In the light of these plain truths, are not the obligations of wealth of easy apprehension?

Thus the wants of man are the only measure of value, and labour the only condition on which it can be justly obtained. Hence, if every son and daughter of Adam are not supplied, there must be some causes for the deficiency. Do any suffer for want, and if so, what are the causes?

Are all supplied? To answer this question, we will not consider the Chinese or Ethiopian; nor summon to the stand from the European continent her millions of destitute and cadaverous witnesses, who endure more than slavery's burdens;—but merely notice a few facts in the condition of the people of Great Britain and our United States, which sit at the head of the nations, in civilization, freedom and refinement. In England and Wales, according to the census of 1831, there were 13,897,187 human beings,—being only 1,900,000 more than the population exhibited by the census of 1821. Of these, 2,581,980 persons, or more than one-fifth of the whole, were either houseless, dependent upon the public tight-fingered charity for shelter, or crowded two or more families into a single shanty. Were we not accustomed to hear of and see similar instances of human destitution and suffering, we should be startled at the relation of such a fact. The thought, that more than one-fifth of a great and enlightened people, who are able-bodied except as hard toil has broken their energies, are not permitted a home on this wide and beautiful earth, to say nothing of common enjoyments, would call out our deepest sympathy, and extend at once the hand to relieve and the intellect to devise the means of radical improvement. But poverty and wretchedness are of every day observation, and while we have become deaf to their appeals, we have applied our ingenuity in inventing an apology for our indifference. We have thus succeeded in framing a philosophy to defend the few in their wealth, avarice, pride and extravagance, and to hold the stricken sons of poverty and slavish toil solely responsible for their condi-

tion. To show the extent of this responsibility, some facts will be hereafter related. But to return. Of the 834,543 families employed in agriculture, 558,506 were dependent upon 161,188 families for employment and sustenance. Hence, much less than one-third of the farming population have the entire control of the bread, raiment and lives of the whole. In Scotland, of the 126,541 families engaged in the same occupation, 46,730 were dependent upon 25,887 families for their bread. Many families, of course, lived within themselves without employing others,—these are not noticed in the numbers of families dependent and depended upon. In Ireland, 224,726 families look to 95,339 farmers for employment and support; or, at the fair estimate of six persons in a family, 1,348,356 individuals live at the will of 95,339—that is, one man was the master of fourteen human beings,—master, I say, for give me the exclusive feeding of an individual and I will ask no other guaranty of despotic dominion over him. The Emerald Isle contains in round numbers 8,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 5,000,000 subsist on the potatoe; and of the remaining 3,000,000, 2,500,000 feed principally upon oats,—the cattle, corn, butter, pigs, poultry, eggs, &c. being taken by the landlord, who, disdaining his own country, resides among the proud and luxuriant of other lands, leaving at home upstarts without principle to prey upon the people for his benefit. He passes his time abroad, giving and receiving feasts at an expense of thousands, and sporting and gambling with the means that cost the sweat and blood of a whole nation of people, who equally bear the image of their Creator. The facts stated above are drawn principally from the rural population,—and if this be their condition, what must be that of those engaged in the mines, the manufacturing districts, &c. With such facts before us, touching the means of the millions of Great Britain for obtaining the first and most pressing wants, food and clothing, we need not pause to inquire into their educational blessings, or even to ask the question how far they are elevated above their mere animality. It is enough for our present purpose to know that, in our mother land the whole people are not supplied with the means of noble living, while three-fourths are compelled to serve the remaining fourth for scanty raiment and still more scanty food. It is useless to inquire into the amount of happiness enjoyed by such a people, for the sum total would scarcely reward our trouble.

Turning from the old world, let us notice the condition of our own people, who are so much lauded for their intelligence and happiness. Here, wealth is more divided among the people than in any other country, owing to its recent settlement by pioneers of small capital. But this equality is constantly being diminished as the nation acquires age. The tendency of wealth under present systems and with the present disposition of the people, is

to concentrate into the hands of the few. We are at present, tolerably well situated as far as getting food and clothing by hard labour are concerned. But we are far from that position of elevated happiness which every one should occupy. What reason have we for our boast of being the freest and happiest people on the globe? None other than that we are more pleasantly situated than our fellow-men abroad. But if we are not as well off by many degrees as we should be, we have nothing to justify our self-adulation. What is freedom without intelligence, and what is happiness without science and mental discipline? Persevering toil enables us to live, and rigid economy, by denying ourselves intellectual gratification, will save us something for sickness and old age. But this only shows ourselves in the condition of slaves to our backs and appetites—and of this we boast. I speak for the many and not for the few. There are some who, by fortune and lucrative pursuits, acquire an adequate abundance with little effort, and, if avaricious, become rich. Another portion, infatuated with the love of gain, deny themselves all substantial good, and daily exhaust their strength in accumulating property. Our farmers generally till their own lands. Our manufacturing operatives can get along by labouring as many hours during the year as the sun shines. In Lowell there are not, as in Manchester, scores of infants sent out of the way by administering opiates. Our cities, however, are thronged with the suffering poor, and all over our country there are families unable to educate their children. The mind being man's distinguishing attribute and the source of all true enjoyment, we must look to its cultivation and development as the only index to true popular prosperity and happiness. We are met at the threshold of this inquiry by the unfortunate fact, that more than half a million of our free white adult population, according to the last census, can neither read nor write! If there are so many living without the ability to read and write, while this degree of ignorance is considered so disreputable, how many are there who are satisfied with this "little learning," because it will gain them common respect? If this be all the knowledge an individual possesses, his improvement above the one unacquainted with the alphabet is hardly perceptible. How much discipline of mind and expansion of thought does the mere ability to read and write afford? I estimate the number of those who have just learning enough to excuse them, including professional men, at about one million, and shall insist upon this being a high estimate. These are the thinkers of the nation, and include all those who have the command of their powers, can look into the essence of things, and can reason logically *a priori* and *a posteriori*. But one million do not constitute the people of the United States. Low, then, exceedingly low, must be the state of education among the mass of the "intel-

ligent people." What are the causes of this deplorable ignorance ? They are, 1. Want of time and money : 2. Want of self-appreciation. All, then, are not supplied :—and this brings us to a second branch of our subject.

Why are not all supplied with the means of true enjoyment ? We cannot suppose the sources of wealth inadequate to provide every one with all that is needed, because the amount of wealth in the world is abundant. How many *millionaires* are there in our young Republic, and how many persons can a million of wealth support, with due labour, in a dignified manner ? How many are there in England whose income per diem is from one hundred to five hundred pounds ? and how many in this country receive as rents and interest from ten to two hundred dollars per diem ? These masses of wealth account for the apparent deficiency of means among the people.

As far as the fair reward of labour is concerned, there need not be a single individual deprived of any kind of virtuous enjoyment. Schools, colleges, libraries, laboratories, gardens, museums, and all that can refine and ennoble, might be accessible to all without distinction in city, town and country. Music, painting, sculpture, poetry, literature and science, might daily give to all their delight, inspiration and discipline. No—nature is not guilty of the deprivation among mankind, for she offers to all enough. As long as the sun shall continue to rise and set, and spring time and harvest continue to return in order, so long will nature yield to labour an abundant reward. Neither can we assign the destitution of mankind to a want of industry in physical toil. All the wealth of the world was produced by labour, and if there be enough—as none can doubt there is—then sufficient labour is performed. When I learn that poor men, women and children, in England labour from twelve to sixteen hours per diem, with a scanty breakfast, with nothing for dinner but a bit of dry bread, and with a supper as poor ; when I know that our own female as well as male labourers are compelled to work from twelve to fourteen hours per diem, and, as soon as the task is done, retire exhausted to rest ; when I see our farmers even, labouring about the same length of time during three-quarters of the year, I am convinced that at least one-fourth more labour is performed by the mass than they should be forced to do, in order to obtain every thing desirable. There may be an occasional able-bodied man who is indolent and hesitates in deciding whether it is best to toil or starve,—but few such are found, and they have as much right to live in indolence as the rich man of leisure. What, then, are the causes why all are not supplied ? They are, 1. The few commanding the labour of the many : 2. The hoarding of wealth, which is accumulated labour, by the few : 3. Extravagance of the few, and want of proper economy on the part of the many : 4.

Ignorance. It might be tolerable for the few to command at will the labour of the mass, provided they would give them a suitable reward and not exact from them too long a period of toil. Man is so organized that he must share his time not required for rest and recreation, between intellectual pursuits and manual exercise. To force him to employ all his time in physical toil, is to outrage his being. But man loves power, and when he has it, is prone to oppress and play the tyrant. Consequently the means of independence should be as equally distributed as possible, for man loses his personal identity when dependent upon and subject to the caprice of another. The vanity of man is delighted with distinctions, and when he can extort from his neighbour to pamper his pride and pander to his lusts, he is much inclined to improve the opportunity. This power of the few over the many does not receive the attention it deserves. It has more influence in producing ignorance, destitution and distress, than is usually calculated. The strongest and most universal passion that, at present, rankles in the human breast, is for hoarding wealth, which is but another name for the labour of many, which one has been able to command and appropriate exclusively to himself. Laws and business regulations are such as to strengthen the arm of capital against the muscular energy of the poor, and give it advantages not its own. Capital, as usually employed, is a kind of monster that fattens on every thing it reaches. It stalks among the people like Briarius among the spheres, with an hundred hands touching every thing, moving every thing, controlling every thing at will. It is constantly on the move, and it stirs not but it adds to its own strength. While human blood is drying up, sinews wasting away, and the very bones losing their marrow, under the severity of toil and the weight of years, capital moves on doubling its own power, gloating on the decay of human flesh, and fattening on the wreck of mind and happiness. It laughs at the misfortunes of men and rejoices in the agonies they occasion. The goods of the poor are to be sacrificed for debt,—gormandizing capital steps up in stately dignity and devours them. New lands are to be colonized—she goes forward to seize upon every chance of profitable investment, and to strip the hardy pioneer who has saved a small sum, and with it, dares privation and disease to get an independence. The Feudal System was but an ingenious contrivance of capital to bind all the lands within her grasp, under the control of a few castled barons who held the people as serfs, slaves, menials and villeins. But after many bloody contests between men and capital, this system was abolished though its power was not broken. The land remained in the hands of the nobility, and one would suppose it would naturally increase its number of owners. But so far from this being the case in England, it is said that between the years 1755 and 1815 the number of landed pro-

priests was reduced from 240,000 to 30,000. Thus, 30,000 persons have bound by the aid of the law and capital, all the land which is inhabited by 12,000,000 people in their exclusive despotic control. The whole tendency of capital when hoarded, is to expand itself. Even our own country of boasted freedom from entailment and primogeniture, is peculiarly favourable to the amassment of wealth. Capital, instead of equally distributing itself among the people, is continually moving toward the few. Do we not observe evidence of this fact throughout the length and breadth of the land? You cannot enter a city or large town in the nation without noticing a few who are looked upon as some cubits larger than any of their neighbours on account of their "great possessions." Away out here in the newly peopled West, we have our lords with their millions. What has occasioned the late anti-rent troubles in Eastern New York, which have resulted in imprisoning for life some of the leaders who thought it an outrage that two or three should be permitted to forever lord it over a vast extent of country that should belong to a multitude? What, too, occasions the hostility that has arisen and is constantly increasing between capital and labour? We find the press divided,—a portion defending and advocating the interests of those who endure "the heat and burden of the day," while the other portion side with capital in the contest, defend it throughout, deprecate the hostility and throw all the blame upon a few whom they denominate "demagogues," their favourite term of reproach. Every sensible man can readily determine who the demagogues are in this controversy,—those who sympathize with the poor, and speak for them against the oppressing rich who hold most of the influence, or those who either have not courage enough to stem their power, or look to them for influence and office. This contest has arisen because the people begin to understand their true rights—because they thirst for mental development and spiritual enjoyments which their means will not permit. But no more of this. Suffice it to say, that the destitution of the land is not owing to any lack of natural abundance, for wealth rolls up on every hand. There are other causes why all have not enough of the blessings with which the All-Bountiful rewards the toil of man. Extravagance and luxury, fashion, folly and trumpery shut from the reach of the down-trodden millions, who support this pageantry, the light of knowledge and the means of dignified living. We need not notice the trappings of royalty, and the lavish expenditures of government, to observe the purposes to which the products of labour are subjected. Look at the vanities and prodigality which surround the rich every where. While the poor are crying for bread, the sons of wealth are rioting in that which were better dispensed with, and the daughters are decking themselves with diamonds, which are but the crys-

talized tears of the wronged and trampled under foot. While the mass are groping their way in darkness and sorrow, the rich are supporting immense equipages, feasts and frivolities. Many suppers given in England cost the round sum of \$5,000, which, added to the money otherwise criminally expended, would make a sum sufficient to cause every heart to rejoice in abundance, and the scathed Isle to smile in beauty, and become the abode of happy people. The legitimate consequence of all such extravagance is, to inflict a slavish toil upon those who do not indulge therein, and keep them in more than a slave's ignorance. This brings us to another cause, namely, ignorance. A person without understanding is unable to appreciate the real enjoyments of life, or to determine the course which will secure them. He cannot cope with the disciplined thought of others, and is, consequently, at the mercy of his fellows. Intelligence acquires capital, and thought and capital combined prey upon ignorance. All a man can get by cunning, craft, foresight and cheap labour is said to be morally his own, though he have tens of thousands more than he needs, and thousands of his sweating brethren have less than is their right to enjoy.

We are now prepared to consider another branch of the subject, namely, the obligations of wealth. These may be inferred from what we have already said, but we will point them out more directly. It is insisted, and must be admitted by all, that the aggregate of wealth should be so employed as to produce the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. To what other use can it be legitimately applied? Man was born to benefit himself, and to this end he has the use of the elements, the land, &c.; that, by the application of his mental and physical powers, he might produce therefrom all he should need. If he perform the labour he is entitled to enough, and if he be unable to work his wants must be supplied by others. What, then, are the obligations of those who hold the surplus wealth of the world? They are bound to do all the good to their fellows they can by its expenditure. As long as they have means beyond their own supply, so long must they share with those who are indigent. It is simply a matter of duty and justice, and there is no alternative. Is any one startled at these doctrines? Do you say, you have earned your possessions, and, therefore, have a right to use them as you please? Perhaps you have not toiled half as long or severely as those who are poor and miserable. The fruit of their labour has gone somewhere—they have it not—while you have, perhaps, ten times the value of all the labour you have performed. Do you say the poor have squandered all they have earned? Doubtless some of them have not, from youth up, been as economical as they should have been, and, doubtless, they have not been half so prodigal as you. I do not pretend that he who

possesses wealth which he has honourably and honestly obtained, has not more right to it than any one else. It is held as a trust for the benefit of those whom it can bless. It is not to be squandered upon trivial self-indulgence. It is equally in vain to plead fortune, good luck, &c., in defence of the dictates of avarice, for the brighter the smiles of fortune, the greater the obligation of her favoured sons to assist the unfortunate. It is also vain to plead talent, skill, foresight, &c., as an excuse for holding on to the means of comfort, while many of our fellows are suffering for common enjoyments, for he who has greater talent or skill has, of course, more abundant sources of intellectual pleasure, and it is an outrage upon humanity to employ this gift of God to man in withdrawing from the common good its means, and holding them with a miser's grasp. If this be a good defence an Alexander was justified in bowing nations before his footstool; Cæsar was right in crossing the Rubicon; Bonaparte was doing God's service in his attempts to conquer Europe; in short, we would have no right to arraign any thing that can be accomplished by the exercise of talents. No—this argument will not answer. We cannot reason logically on this subject except from the premises that each individual is bound to act for his own and fellow-being's highest good. If one has not the talent for acquiring the capital necessary for his comfort, he must look for aid to him who has, and the latter is bound to assist him according to his ability. These views, though old as humanity, may appear novel to many. The world's standard of morality is infinitely below this. It does not require the wealthy to do the least thing for the public good, when it cannot be done without money. Such a standard must be thoroughly reviewed before much progress can be made.

But, in what general enterprises is wealth, wheresoever found, and by whomsoever possessed, bound to engage? They may be specified as follows: 1. In lightening the labourious burden of the mass. 2. In giving the indigent pecuniary assistance. 3. In securing to all the means of education and intellectual advancement. It will be perceived, at a glance, that an incalculable amount of good would be accomplished for the world, could its surplus wealth be at once turned into these channels. All who acknowledge such happy consequences of this course, and have the rule of right deep-seated in their souls, will ask for no argument on this head. In lessening the burden of those who toil, two conditions are necessary: 1. That those who avoid productive pursuits throw off their indolence and earn their own living. 2. That those who toil shall not be forced to endure such scarcity and constancy of labour as to render life consequently less pleasurable. Every one who diminishes the pleasure he might enjoy by excessive toil, violates a law of his being. For

this, those are responsible who uphold the circumstances which force this violation of law. Those who do no productive labour, either of mind or body, are the guilty ones. These, in connection with those who buy up at an unfair price the labour of others, are drones in society, that feed upon the gathering of others, and thereby increase their burdens. They enjoy all the fatness of the land without contributing to its production. These should change their ways and hold their surplus wealth at the public service. There is no reason why one should live in prodigal indolence, while another endures the privations of burdensome and incessant toil. Many are compelled to break down their constitutions and descend to a premature grave, that the few may have their gorgeous mansions, their beds of down, their enervating feasts, their sports and aristocratic vanities. But, am I told that the few have wealth and can afford their indolence and luxury? that they can pay those who are poor for the labour they need? They *can* do so, provided they can endure compunction of conscience, or reconcile their moral sentiments to the policy of banqueting on the blood of others. No one can say he is holier than his neighbours, or that he is too delicate for manual toil, for all are equal and bound to be "up and doing," and mutually aid one another. Instead of labouring twelve or fourteen hours per diem, six or eight should be the ultimatum of daily toil. This important and much desired reduction could be made, would *all*, instead of a part, fulfil their obligations in this respect. To bring this happy condition about the rich must lend their aid. What subject can appeal more strongly to their philanthropy? This accomplished, and all would have time to develope their nature and bring themselves into a divine harmony.

Wealth should also be employed in assisting the indigent, in providing them with lucrative employment and intellectual gratifications,—in cheering with kindness, clothing the ragged, and causing the down-trodden of the earth to feel that they are not forgotten, or left friendless and forsaken. Those who have struggled against adversity,—who have buffeted the storms and undergone all afflictions, have a claim upon the more fortunate for assistance. It is impossible for all to be rich,—consequently, those who get into the more favourable circumstances are bound to aid the unfortunate. Glorious mission of wealth! Happy opportunity for the exercise of benevolence! Bright will be the era when she shall be consecrated to the promotion of human felicity!

Another obligation of wealth is, to advance education, and increase the knowledge of the mass. Of all things desirable, this is the "most devoutly to be wished." It is useless to talk of human happiness or freedom unless the people are wise. And how is wealth to discharge her obligation in enlightening the

world? By opening the eyes of the blind, that they may see themselves as the sons of God, endowed with a portion of his divinity and designed for noble purposes. 2. By enabling all to appreciate the importance of developing their mental power. 3. By establishing free institutions of learning, where all the poor can be educated, as well as those whose parents are able but unwilling, and bringing every intellectual advantage within the reach of all. Mental discipline will do away with much of the inequality that prevails. It will break down the iron aristocracy of feeling that separates the people by unfounded distinctions, and make all feel that they are brethren of the same family. It will give all, power to cope with the world, and secure an independence without submitting to slavery. It will banish the vice and crime that so degrade and dishonour our race, by nurturing the virtues of the heart. But I cannot prolong this article.

I have thus reviewed the obligations of wealth. How fully they are discharged is known to all. I have only to add that the rich, generally, stand in the way of human progress. They bestride the narrow world, trampling under foot the fair, the beautiful, the good. Their avarice corrupts them, and they do not realize their own responsibility to the world. They know they have power to bless mankind but have not virtue enough to rejoice in blessing. Oh, that they would learn that their own happiness would be increased by doing good!

PETER STILL.

HIS REMARKABLE LIFE—LABOURIOUS AND POETICAL.

PETER STILL is a Scotchman. He has within a few months, been introduced to the American public, as a poor labourer in the severest department of industry, and yet as a poet of rare excellence. His case furnishes so splendid an example of the triumph of genius over adversity—of the dominion of thought over all the privations, afflictions and toils of lowly life, that we cannot forbear introducing him to our readers, with some account of his life and song.

STILL was born on the first day of January, 1814, in the county of Aberdeen, Scotland. His father was at that time an independent farmer; but by a lawsuit then pending between him and the proprietor of his farm, he became the poorest man in the parish; the expense of litigation, though he was successful in the suit, having absorbed all his property. In the same year his

father removed from the parish of Fraserburgh to that of Longside, in the same county, where he hired himself out as a day-labourer, and where Peter spent the greater part of his life. His mother was one of the best of women, and taught him his duty to God and man. His grandmother also was an excellent old lady, residing with his father. Her memory was a magazine of choice sayings, anecdotes, proverbs, tales and old ballads, which she rehearsed to her grandson, and thereby properly directed his young mind, and probably, greatly influenced the development of his brilliant genius. The agency of apparently trifling incidents in youth, on the whole character and dignity of individuals, is not fully appreciated. Peter testifies, that during his life he frequently reverted with the strongest emotions of delight to the bright, sunny summer evenings, when he sat beside his grandmother, on the green banks of the Ugie, to hear her ever-varying anecdotes and tales; and to the long winter evenings, when he listened with excited attention to her songs and ballads. Often in maturer years he found his virtues strengthened, or his vices restrained by the recollection of an artless song, or some touching tale, sung or related to him in early youth, by a loved parent or grand-parent then resting in the "narrow house."

At seven years of age he was sent to school by an uncle, who died soon after, and Peter was taken from school, because his father was unable to pay the expense. He had been taught under his parental roof, which, with the aid of this short tuition, had advanced him somewhat in mathematics. He says, however, that his chief delight at this time, was in reading "Scott's Beauties of Eminent Writers," which first caused his spirit to thrill responsive to the beauties of poetry. "Gray's Elegy," "Parnell's Hermit," "Campbell's Hohenlinden," extracts from his "Pleasures of Hope," from "Thompson's Seasons," from Scott, Byron and Burns were so impressed upon his young mind as never to be erased. His education in all amounted to no more than was common to the Scottish peasantry. His few years of study were frequently interrupted by attacks of headache and earache accompanied with partial deafness.

At about eleven years of age he was taken to the feeing market, at Longside, and engaged to attend cattle for a gentleman living about five miles distant. His pasture grounds were a wild range of heath-clad land, on the north side of the hills which separated the parishes of Longside and Cruden. For a while it seemed a wilderness to him when compared with the pleasant banks of Ugie; but his master and mistress were kind, and he soon became contented with his lot. The summer passed, and Martinmas found him by his mother's side, tending to her his scanty earnings. He was sent to school a few months during the winter for the last time, and in the spring returned to his former employ-

ment. He continued his farming pursuits until his twentieth year, serving in the mean time many masters. As he grew up to manhood, he became thoughtless and forgetful of the purity of his youth; but the death of his beloved grandmother awoke his attention, and caused him to review his youthful days. He has paid a faithful tribute to her memory in his excellent poem, the "Cottar's Sunday." At the age of twenty he married his present wife, and after a short period of service on the farm, became a day-labourer;—rather poor encouragement to marry without a cent, and doomed, without good health, to the hard and unrewarded lot of a peasant-labourer. He was of a lively and hopeful disposition, and for a time, with industry and frugality, lived cheerfully with his dear companion. But he was soon prostrated by an affliction of his eyes which rendered him almost blind. He became nearly discouraged—his spirits almost sunk within him. Being accustomed to violent exercise, his confinement so contracted the sinews of his knees and ankles that, when his sight was restored, he found himself a helpless cripple. By exercise and the aid of a staff he soon regained his strength and went to work. It was in the time of peat-casting that he went to the moss of Cruden with his staff in one hand and his spade in the other. He was not able to wheel the peats to their *lair*, but cast fifty barrowfulls the first day and one hundred the next, for which two days work he received 1s 6d! This small pittance, with the prospect of increased ability to earn more, cheered him in his destitution, and excited his ardour to an undue degree. He exerted himself to an extreme he was unable to bear, and in one afternoon, on that dreary muir, lost his sense of hearing. Simultaneously with deafness he became afflicted with pain and dizziness in the head, which, for three years rendered him as helpless as the most confirmed drunkard, and which is not removed to this day. The remainder of the sketch of his life we give in his own words.

"I could mention many painful trials which this trouble in my head brought upon me, but shall content myself with recording one circumstance which caused me more bitter sorrow than all the rest of my sufferings put together. Soon after I became deaf, my mother died, and as soon as I learned the melancholy tidings, I resolved on going to my father's house to pay the last tribute of respect and duty to one who had been to me more than a mother. Light-headed and lame as I was, I immediately set out on my melancholy journey; reached my destination, and after sitting one night beside her corpse, on the following day proceeded on foot to Fraserburgh—a distance of about fifteen miles—that I might have the mournful satisfaction of seeing her remains laid in the churchyard of that place. I was too lame and light-headed to think of being able to keep foot with the funeral procession for such a distance, and therefore preferred going to the place of in-

terment on the day previous; especially as I had some relations there, with whom I could stop for the night. After many falls by the way, I at last reached Fraserburgh, weary and wo-begone, and was hirpling and staggering along one of the streets, when a constable belonging to the town thought proper to seize me; mistaking me, no doubt, as a drunken vagrant. Being wholly deaf, I knew not a word that he uttered, and yet he would not believe me when I told him so; doubtless imagining I was feigning deafness as an excuse for not answering his questions. After giving a satisfactory account of myself, I got clear in time to see the remains of my mother laid in her grave; but the bitter bitterness of that hour, combined with the mournful duty I was engaged in, and the fatigue of the journey, so overpowered me, that after being conveyed home I was unable to leave my bed for weeks. This happened in November, 1836, and between that time and the beginning of harvest, 1838, I may say I gained nothing; for though I made several attempts to resume work, I only rendered myself more helpless; the task I imposed on myself being too much for one so enfeebled by sickness. By the beginning of harvest, 1838, I was so far renovated that I engaged to a farmer in the neighbourhood, and was enabled to work until it was finished; at which time I was seized with a fever, and confined to bed during the whole of the following winter. It would answer no good purpose, were I to give a detail of the sufferings of my wife and children during these years of sickness and privation; yet they can never be effaced from my memory, nor the thoughts they inspired altogether forgotten. When able to leave my bed, and often when I was not, I endeavoured to amuse myself, and in some degree managed to wean my thoughts from brooding over my afflictions, by attempts at verse-making. Poetry had always been one of my chief delights, even when a child, and my first attempt at rhyming was made during my blindness in 1835-6. I then found it a source of amusement, and even pleasure; and now that I was deaf, the complete silence with which I was surrounded did not in the least degree detract from the same feelings of gratification. On the contrary, as deafness continued year after year, I became more studious, and more ardently attached to my hobby. I also became much devoted to reading, but was often sadly puzzled how to procure books, and have often walked a distance of fourteen miles to borrow a volume; and that too on days so exceedingly wet and stormy that my fellow-labourers could not go out to work. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, with occasionally a look of a weekly newspaper, was, however, for a long time almost my whole reading. When I had nothing to read, I wrote; and in the spring of 1839 published a few Poems for the first time; necessity compelling me to do so, in the hope of realising as much profit as would keep my famishing family

from absolute starvation. This hope was so far realised ; but the publication was of no permanent benefit, and my health becoming somewhat improved, I struggled on, through debt, ditches and disease, up to the autumn of 1843, when I was again thrown off work by a return of the before-mentioned trouble in my head. During the winter of 1843-4, I earned nothing ; and getting a little better in the spring of 1844, I published another small volume of my Poems, which falling under the notice of the amiable and benevolent lady of Dr. Jack, principal of King's College and University, Aberdeen ; she, along with the venerable Principal and Dr. Daun, became so deeply interested in my behalf, that through their benevolent exertions, and the kindness of their friends, I have been enabled to bring out the present edition ; to indulge in many comforts which were previously beyond my reach, and also to continue the education of my children, which otherwise I could not have done. I need not say that I am grateful for all this, and I fondly hope that, by my future conduct, I shall be enabled to show myself in some respects not unworthy of the Christian kindness with which they have comforted and honoured me and mine. The generosity of many more friends demands my warmest gratitude ; but as it is perhaps improper to mention names, I shall only assure them, one and all, that I shall ever retain a fond and grateful remembrance of their benevolent exertions in my behalf."

Such has been the life of this natural poet. He is yet a young man, being only thirty-two years of age, but his hardships and sufferings have been enough for the longest period of existence. Perhaps no soul of song ever courted the Muse in so humble a manner, or worshipped at her shrine in so gloomy a temple. There are doubtless many of the European peasantry who endure as many privations, and, therefore, equally command our sympathy. But it is rare that an individual of so delicate sensibilities is doomed to so pittiful a condition. To such an one, severity is doubly severe, and privations doubly oppressive ; for the more expanded the thought, the more acute the sensibilities, the greater the miseries of peasant life. But Mr. Still bore all with a noble magnanimity and cheerfulness. With delicate health he endured the heat, and cold, and rain, in cleaning drains, ditching, and casting peat, without a murmur. He blended the inspiration of song with his toil in rain and mud, and while levelling the marshy ground breathed out some of his most beautiful harmonies. Thus he became contented to sing and toil, regretting only the inadequacy of his wages to suitably support his family. What a lesson is this to all who complain of want of time for intellectual pursuits, and of the hardships of their lot ! When will the sons of labour learn the truth, that the exercise of the mind relieves that of the body, and seek, as a thing next to bread in importance, knowledge

and mental discipline? What a lesson to those who think that the poor cannot cultivate letters for want of means in this country where a dish of meal and a plain vesture are so easily earned! Let those who have soul act fully its promptings, and if subsistence only can be drawn from manual labour, let them simplify their lives, and thus make a small portion of time supply the food and clothing, and spend the remainder in mental pursuits. It is far better to follow the free dictates of the divinity within, than to stifle her voice and smother the spirit. Let the foolish pride of a sensual world be abandoned, and such a simplicity be adopted as will give abundant means for maintaining intellectual dignity.

Peter Still is a true Poet. His song finds a hearty response in every Scottish soul. In him the memory of Burns is revived, and Scotland will receive additional consequence from the effusions of the "Bard of Ugie." His song is not ostentatious, but simple, natural and eloquent. Its thrilling notes strike a cord in every virtuous soul, and stir up the divinity within.

Notwithstanding his sufferings and hardships, he exhibits no complaining, no petulance or misanthropy. A spiritual calmness seems to reign around and about him, changing darkness into sunshine, gloom into cheerfulness. He will doubtless yet sing his noblest strains, though should he now be called to tune his voice in fairer realms above, he would leave enough to perpetuate a grateful remembrance among men.

We must quote a letter of his, written a year ago to Mrs. Principal Jack, of Aberdeen College, dated

Peterhead, 9th December, 1844.

MY DEAR MADAM—

Your letter has just reached me by which I see you have been deeply interesting yourself in my behalf, for which kindness I can only thank you and assure you of my gratitude and esteem. I fully reciprocate the feeling which prompted your well merited eulogy on the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh. I myself lately had an opportunity of witnessing an instance of their unostentatious kindness and the interest they take in humble merit. I allude to an offer of a good situation in their establishment they lately tendered to Mr. Thom of Inverury, and which I think he did wrong in not accepting; because I think the greatest benefit bestowed upon a poor man is to put him in a way of providing for himself, in a situation suitable to his station and abilities. Perhaps, by mentioning this proof of the Messrs. Chambers's good intentions and good will, I am abusing the confidence Mr. Thom probably placed in me; but as he seemed only to communicate it for the same reason that I have done to you, I could not help mentioning it.

I am very far, my dear madam, from attributing any questions

you may ask me to *idle curiosity*, and am only surprised that you have asked so few. You have acted the part of a friend to me, without, so far as I am aware, making any inquiry concerning my character, moral or religious, beyond what you have gathered from my little book, or the various hasty written scrawls which I have sent you.

My present employment is simply doing *nothing*—which is the worst, and most wearisome employment I ever was engaged in. Before leaving Millbank, I was, when I could find work, employed cutting or cleaning ditches, cutting furrow-drains, assisting to make or mend roads, and various jobs of a similar kind. I have no higher prospects in the mean time, and my only reasons for leaving Millbank were the comfortless condition of my house, or rather *hut*, and the prospect of getting my children educated at the Academy in this town much cheaper than I could do in the country. Another reason which had some weight in deciding on the change of residence, was my distance from a post-office, and the expense of *foot* postage, not to mention my inability to answer a single letter, if it required *haste*, until too late. I think will be better here in many respects, than at Millbank. I have got a more comfortable habitation for one thing, and that is on decided advantage both to myself and family, especially on the approach of winter. I think I will find employment soon, such as I have been accustomed to; indeed I have a kind of half promise of some ditches to clean about a mile from town. Wages are very low, but the price of the books you have kindly disposed of, will assist me to support my family through the winter. My deafness is such a barrier to conversation, that I am often obliged to work cheaper than others, merely to recompense my employers for the trouble they have writing to me any thing relating to the work. However, I am thankful that I am able to work, and, to tell you truth, some of the happiest days of my life have been spent in a *ditch*, a *drain*, or a *peat bank*; perhaps you may smile at this assertion, but it is truth. Some of the best of my poems have been conceived while plunging in a wet ditch to the knees, and some of the very worst written while I had nothing to do at all but sit down and write. Thus, a wet ditch has often been my *Helicon*, and a peat-bank my *Parnassus*, when a comfortable room would only have been a source of unprofitable leisure and unhappiness.

I will forward other six copies of my book along with this to-morrow, which will be at the coach office about noon. I have only other four copies remaining of the present edition.

I have to offer an apology for the trouble I have here given you with such a long uninteresting scrawl as this, and hope you will excuse blunders, as the children have been climbing about me ever since I began to write.

You are perfectly right with my address, and an order, payable at Peterhead post-office, will come to hand safely enough when you find it convenient to send it.

With good wishes towards the principal and yourself, I remain, my Dear Madam,

With the most sincere gratitude,

Your very humble and obedient Srt.

PETER STILL.

To MRS. PRINCIPAL JACK,
King's College, Aberdeen.

We now come to his poetry, and only regret that our space will not permit us to quote largely from his volume. They are such as all will delight to read. Cold indeed must be that heart that cannot beat a full and free response to the musical harmony and stirring spirit of these poems. They are the deep gushings of an honest, unsophisticated soul, exceedingly sensitive yet courageous in the struggle against poverty and affliction. While reading his effusions we are almost conscious of hearing sweet harmonies from superhuman voices; and as we glide along over each tuneful measure, we almost fancy a dance of the fairies about us.

The first piece is "*The Cottar's Sunday*," which is characterized with heavenly purity and simplicity. "*Robin and Mary, a tale in verse*," and the "*Wanderer*," are long and beautiful poems. Besides these there are several pieces of considerable length which do no discredit to the collection. There are also many short poems, two or three of which we will quote to show the harmony, beauty and pathos of Mr. Still's versification.

A WISH

O for a sweet, secluded spot
On some lone, lovely isle,
Where all my cares might be forgot,
And peace for ever smile.

One kindred heart, I'd ask no more,
My life, my love to share;
And that one heart within its core
To nourish love and prayer.

There would we bloom, like sweet twin-flowers,
Beneath pure pleasure's ray;
And there at last, 'mid autumn showers,
Like flow'rets fade away:

Our withered leaves, low in the tomb,
Together mingling lie;
The fragrance of our summer bloom
Be wasted to the sky.

LOVE.

There is an hour of boundless bliss,
When young and ardent lovers meet;
When feasting on the first pure kiss,
'Tis life's delicious sweetest sweet.

When clasp'd in Beauty's fondest fold,
Ere aught of guile our bosoms stain,
That moment, fraught with pleasure's gold,
Can gild a life of future pain.

There is an hour—an anguish'd hour,
When young and tender lovers part,
And I have felt its piercing power
Sink to the centre of my heart.

Yes, I have dropt a trembling hand,
And felt my bursting heart-strings glow,
When all the wealth of sea and land
Could not have bought my soul from wo.

Love is a wild, bewildering dream,
Presenting scenes of joy and wo;
Now borne on angel-wings we seem,
Now sinking to the shades below.

Yet love shall reign—for ever reign,
Above the blue and blissful sky;
Its pleasures pure, without its pain,
Can never, never, never die.

THE GLEN O' THE WEST.

O ken ye the glen where the wee burnie rows?
Or ken ye the bower where the daffodil grows?
Or ken ye the lassie that languishes there,
Like a shelterless flower in the keen mountain air?
I wad tell ye her name, but my heart says me na,
An' the glen maun be nameless an' kenless to a';
An' there's nae in the world kens the dool that I dree
Sin' the day that it first shed its light on my e'e.
But, the glen o' the west—O the glen o' the west,
An' the lassie that dwells in the glen o' the west;
There's a glance in her e'e that disturbs aye my rest,
An' wiles me awa to the glen o' the west.

Yet, I daurna be seen in yon love-haunted glen,
Tho' I dream o't and sing o't, again an' again;
The lassie that wons in't wad welcome me there,
But I daurna be seen in its bowers ony mair;
For her daddie has gowd, an' her mammie has pride,
An' my lassie is doom'd to be some baron's bride;
While I, hapless wicht, at the tail o' the plough,
Wi' a penniless purse, their ambition maun rue.
But, the glen o' the west—O the glen o' the west,
An' the woun't that I gat i' the glen o' the west,
It will soon be my dead, and whan ance I'm at rest,
O ye'll bury me deep i' the glen o' the west.

"WOMAN'S WITCHFU' E'E."

I like the sun that shines so bright;
 I like the modest moon;
 I like the stars, the planets too,
 An' a' the orbs aboon,
 I like to see the mornin' star
 Blink bonnie o'er the sea;
 But there's an orb oushines them a',
 'Tis "woman's witchfu' e'e."

As beam o' love frae that blest orb
 Gies youth a livelier hue,
 An' drives awa the clouds o' fate
 Frae sorrow's sickly brow,
 Dispels the darkest shades o' wo
 That heart is doomed to dree:
 There's nae an orb in yonder sky
 Like "woman's witchfu' e'e."

'Tis there the heart pours forth its woes,
 Ower sad for tongue to share;
 The tears o' love an' pity's tears,
 Speak nameless secrets there;
 'Tis there the tremblin' lover reads
 The soul's sincerity;
 Oh! whare's the orb in yonder sky
 Like "woman's witchfu' e'e."

Ye powers that watch my countless steps,
 An' a' my wanderings ken,
 In this my weary pilgrimage,
 In pleasure or in pain:
 Ware'er my harmless feet may roam,
 Whate'er I'm doom'd to dree,
 O let me live beneath the light
 O "woman's witchfu' e'e!"

Here we close, hoping our readers may soon have them to read for themselves. They will, doubtless, ere long be published in an acceptable form.

SILVER-BIRD:

A TALE OF THE PAST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF THE "UNKNOWN COUNTESS," "SECRET ROBBER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Long years, since then, have come and passed.

The Indian's days of power have been—
The white man's are.

GALLAGHER.

THOSE who are accustomed to *think*, to let their minds dwell on the "dim shadowy past," have doubtless called up scenes before their mental vision, pregnant with the struggles and trials of our forefathers. They have heard, in imagination, the shrill war-whoop of the savage; they have seen the tomahawk and knife stained with the life-current of some hapless victim; they have seen the scalp torn with rude hands from the dead and dying; they have heard the groans, the agonizing groans, of some poor human being, and the exulting laugh of the savage torturer; they have heard, they have seen this, in imagination, and they have shuddered. Yet how far short comes the imagining of the startling, horrible reality. We may *picture*, but we cannot *feel* the sufferings of those hardy pioneers, who went among the forests, combatted with their savage foe, and left their bones, mementos of their toil, as it were, stepping stones to our future greatness. Let us twine their memories around our hearts, and thank God for our present, peaceful blessings.

A long number of years ago—hard bordering on two centuries—there stood on the banks of the lovely Connecticut, in the northern part of Massachusetts, a rude settlement. A little band had ventured into this region of country, then a forest, and with true American enterprise and industry had felled the giants of the wood, and reared for themselves comfortable habitations. This, at the period of which we write, was a bold stroke on the part of the hardy adventurers; for the Indians inhabiting that section were not the most peaceable of their race, as numerous depredations and atrocities exercised on the inhabitants occupying the frontier stations, had already proved. Nevertheless, courage among the Anglo-Saxon race has never been wanting; and there were then, as well as now, bold spirits who grasped at difficulties as a child at toys; who bared their breasts to danger's

stroke and pressed nobly forward. Of such spirits as these were formed our little band.

Unmolested they had finished their little hamlet, save such additions as should, from time to time, be made by the increase of population. At first, it consisted of some half-dozen log huts; but, as time wore on, and improvements gradually increased—together with the arrival of new settlers—these were torn down and replaced by others, neater in appearance at least, if not more substantial in duration. As a place of refuge, in case of an attack, they had erected, in the more central part of the village, a building somewhat larger and of better appearance than its neighbours. It was a frame house, built in the fashion of the times, one story in height, gambrel-roofed, through which pierced a large stone chimney. It contained some five or six windows, strongly barricaded by heavy oaken shutters. It was entered by a strong, well made door, placed in the centre of its front, on each side of which was a window. This door opened into a sort of hall, on either hand of which was another door, opening into other apartments, which, for those times, were considered well finished.

This building—or guard-house—answered the several purposes of a dwelling, a hospital for the sick, a place for public worship, or public meeting of any kind, and, as before remarked, a place of rendezvous in case of an attack. For the latter purpose, however, as yet, it had never been used, every thing having thus far gone on peacefully, and the inhabitants lulled into comparative security, seldom thought, with fear, of their savage neighbours. But the fearful denouement yet awaited them. The red-man's vengeance was only slumbering, not eradicated.

In the meanwhile, time rolled on; extensive clearings were made; large fields put under tillage, and every thing assumed an air of happiness and domestic contentment. It is at this period we shall open our tale.

It was a calm beautiful day in the month of August; the sun shone forth in soft, unclouded beauty, his witching light giving every thing a soft and dreamy appearance. The blue waters of the beautiful Connecticut glided gently along, their smooth polished surface unstirred by a rippling wave. Soft mellowed lines of extensive forests ran here and there, their lovely hue of bluish green falling upon the eye with a pleasing, delicious, enchanting effect. It was, in fact, one of summer's beauteous days. In the little village we have mentioned, several of the inhabitants might be seen moving about with that negligent air, common to a quiet dreamy day of summer. Others, in the field, were more busily engaged in the various useful occupations of farming. But, of all, one must be singled out for our purpose.

This was a young man who might have been seen some sev-

eral hundred yards in the rear of the village—in the edge of a forest—standing in an attitude of easy, graceful dignity, engaged in reloading his rifle, which had just been discharged. He was tall, well formed, with features noble and manly in expression, possessing, apparently, more than ordinary strength and agility. His age might have been twenty,—judging from the appearance of his face, which was fair and smooth. His features were regular, commanding, expressive of a generous and impulsive soul. His eyes were dark, bright and animating. His dress was plain, made in the unassuming fashion of the day—negligent in arrangement—denoting the wearer's mind was little occupied with that. He wore a green hunting frock, over which hung his pouch and powder-horn.

Having loaded his rifle—which seemed to occupy him but a moment—he brought it into a trailing position, and started into the forest. His step somewhat resembled the Indian's, being quick, light and cautious. Gliding stealthily forward for a few minutes, with wary glance, he suddenly paused under a large branching oak, brought his rifle to his face, and in an instant the report ran echoing through the woods; when, moving quickly forward again about thirty yards, he made a halt by the dead body of a rabbit, whose head had been pierced by a ball. Examining it for a moment, he turned it over with his foot, and then, as he again commenced loading his rifle, carelessly remarked,—

“Bad shot—missed the eye by the eighth of an inch.”

Placing the ball in his gun, he was just in the act of ramming down when a shrill cry arrested his attention. This was immediately followed by another, evidently a female voice, and, without delaying longer to load, he dashed suddenly forward. About fifty yards ahead, partly concealed by some thick shrubbery, he came suddenly upon two persons, one of whom was a beautiful Indian maiden, struggling in the grasp of a powerful half-breed. Quick as thought the young man swung his rifle through the air, and the next instant the half-breed lay stretched senseless by a blow from its breech. The maiden started to her feet with the light bound of a fawn—for the fall of her adversary had borne her to the ground with him—and, fastening her dark eyes upon her youthful deliverer, with a look wherein was blended surprise, joy, admiration and gratitude, she said in a low, sweet, musical voice of broken English—pointing to the prostrate half-breed—“Me tank you—Silver-Bird tank you;” and then added, as the youth started back, surprised at the beauty displayed in her airy form and fine moulded features, “What for you afraid? Silver-Bird no hurt you.”

For a moment the youth gazed upon her without reply, during which, a shade of sorrow seemed gradually settling over her lovely features. And lovely indeed they were, with the beauty

of some seventeen summers. She was of the medium height, straight as the arrow of her tribe. Her form was light, slim and graceful. Her features were the perfection of beauty itself. Her eyes were large, full, and glowed with the expression of a tender, confiding, guileless heart. Her skin was dark, clear, adding, rather than detracting, from her beauty. Her hair, long and black, streamed gently down around a neck of exquisite symmetry. Her dress bore rather on the fantastic order of the Indian, yet, here and there, exhibiting marks of her contact with civilization. She wore a frock of bright red, neatly fitted, and tastefully worked with wampum. On her feet were moccasins, worked in various colours. She was unadorned with ornaments, if we except a string of beads passed around her neck, and a clasp of gold encircling one arm, both of which, by the way, were bare.

"Silver-Bird?" said the young man at length, as if musing, "'tis a beautiful name."

"You like Silver-Bird," exclaimed the maiden, quickly, her eyes beat earnestly on the youth, her features lighting up with a smile of quiet joy. "You like Silver-Bird? Silver-Bird like you." This was said in the most innocent, unaffected manner possible, and, approaching the youth, she took hold of his hand. "Silver-Bird want to know who pale-face?"

"Henry Marlin is my name, pretty one," answered he, a flush tinging his fair, noble features, and, almost involuntarily, he wound his arm around her slender waist.

"Hen'y Marle, good," returned Silver-Bird, pressing his hand with her tapering, fairy-like fingers, and looking up into his face with a smile of guileless confidence. "Hen'y Marle save Silver-Bird from bad man," continued she, pointing to the half-breed, who now began to show signs of returning consciousness; "Me 'fraid Dick Dareall."

"Ha!" exclaimed Marlin, with a sudden start, "is this indeed Dick Dareall?" and his features contracted with a frown.

"He be," returned the maiden, quietly.

"Then I have roused a wiley foe," continued Henry, as if to himself. "I fear ill will come of it. I must be on my guard for danger."

Silver-Bird suddenly uttered a scream, and clung close to Henry, as the half-breed at this instant started to his feet. He was tall, sinewy in formation, and, undoubtedly, a man of superior strength. His features were bold, harsh in expression, and at this moment presented a look of savage fury, well calculated to make the blood of the boldest run chill. His face was deathly pale from rage, down which trickled the blood from the wound on his head, giving to him an expression of horrible ferocity, while he ground his teeth till froth started to his mouth, and his dark, fiery eyes shot forth strange, fearful gleams of future ven-

gence. For a moment he gazed on the two—as the enraged tiger on his victims—and then suddenly made a bound forward. Henry, who had watched him closely, in an instant swung Silver-Bird behind him, raised his rifle, when its click warned him he had not finished loading, and that Dick Dareall's time had not yet come, for the half-breed suddenly paused, as if struck by another thought, gave a howl of concentrated fury, cleared the copse with a bound, and the next instant was lost to sight in the dark wilds of the forest.

"Danger," said Silver-Bird, looking sorrowfully at Henry, and pointing to where the half-breed's form was last seen. "He bad man, very. He kill poor Hen'y;" and, approaching, she let her large, dark eyes rest tenderly upon his.

"Never fear, Silver-Bird," returned Henry, as he bent over and implanted a kiss on her smooth, beautiful forehead. "Never fear, sweet Silver-Bird; Henry will be on his guard. But how came you and Dick together here?"

"Me wander in de wood—me love de wood—me love hear de birds sing, pretty. Dick follow Silver-Bird—he seize her—Hen'y save her—Silver-Bird love Hen'y;" and she buried her face upon his breast, which trembled with inward emotion.

Perchance some may smile at this simple outpouring of young, confiding, guileless love—love, pure as reigns in angels' breasts in heaven. Smile, if you will—ay, smile on, ye who luxuriate in the starched pomp of lordly refinement—but for us, we had rather hear love told in one sweet, innocent, simple strain, like that, than in all the courtly, flowery phrases ever devised by the pampered sons and daughters of the "almighty dollar!" Love is the pure gift of heaven—free as air—confined to no grade of society, and burns as pure in the hearts of the untutored children of the forest, as in those who sit in the gilded chambers of civilization!

For a moment Henry held the maiden to his breast, while his whole frame trembled with various contending emotions. And what were those emotions? *He loved another.* Gently he put Silver-Bird from him.

"This must not be, Silver-Bird. You may like, but you must not love me," said he, in a gentle but firm tone of voice.

"Why Silver-Bird no love Hen'y?" inquired she, earnestly.

"Because he cannot love Silver-Bird."

"Why he no love Silver-Bird?" asked she sorrowfully, fixing her dark, tender eyes, mournfully upon him.

"Henry loves another, Silver-Bird," said he, with emotion.

Silver-Bird started, as though pierced by an arrow, the blood mounted to her face and temples like a flash, and as quickly receded; her bosom heaved with the force of her feelings; and, suddenly staggering, she would have fallen, but for the support of Marlin,

who would have given worlds, were they his, to have recalled those words.

"Nay, my pretty Silver-Bird, you take this too seriously," resumed he, in a soothing tone.

His voice recalled her to herself;—with a bound she sprang from his arms—then turning, she gazed for a moment wildly upon him—"Danger," exclaimed she, pointing as before, and darting away,—almost ere he was aware, Henry found himself standing alone.

"Silver-Bird?" called he,—but she was gone.

For a few moments he gazed after her retreating form, with saddened brow and beating heart—then turned away with a sigh.

CHAPTER II.

"The softest bed of down, is hard to one
When racked by pains of fell disease."

On the evening of the same day we open our tale, in the right hand room of the guard-house, upon a bed, neat and comfortable in appearance, which occupied the far corner of the apartment, lay a female, apparently about eighteen years of age. Her features were pale and wasted from sickness, yet in expression supremely lovely. Her eyes were blue, or rather, we might say, between blue and gray, full and speaking—gleaming, as 'twere, with nought but the light of love and tenderness. Her hair was of beautiful auburn, and fell gently back upon the clean white pillow, resembling the golden hues of sunset upon a snowy cloud. Over her fair countenance lay a sweet angelic smile, like a ray of sunshine upon a beautiful flower. The apartment, though not rich, was neatly furnished, lighted from a candle standing on a table near the patient, whose gaze at this instant was directed to the door, which opening, admitted the noble figure of Henry Marlin. His features were pale, and overcast with a shade of gloom. With a light step, he approached the bed.

"How fares my Adelaide?" said he, in a soft and gentle tone of voice,—tremulous with powerful feelings.

"I think I am a little better," replied she, with a sweet smile, extending her hand to Henry, who pressed it affectionately to his lips. "But where have you been? I have not seen you since morning. Why have you not called in before?"

"The doctor thought a little broth of fresh game would be good for you, and I have been hunting," replied he, the colour mounting to his face.

"Thank you, Henry, thank you. I think the doctor's prescription a good one," returned she, "but you look pale, agitated,—has any thing happened?"

"Yes—no—that is, nothing of importance, I think."

"Yes—no—nothing of importance," repeated she, rising in bed, and taking hold of his arm, "what mean you, Henry? something has happened surely. Tell me, tell me, what is it? Ah! you turn away. This is not as formerly—*once* you had no secrets from Adelaide," and the tears started to her eyes.

"Nor have I now, sweet, dearest Adelaide," cried he, passionately. "Do not, do not weep, Adelaide," continued he, in a melting strain of tenderness, giving her a kiss, "forgive me, believe me I do it for your good—you are too weak yet, to bear the news."

"Good Heavens! Henry, you alarm me," exclaimed she, wildly, "tell me, tell me, I pray you, I beseech you, tell me,—believe me I can bear any thing better than this torture of suspense," and, overcome by anxiety, she sunk back on the bed.

"I will tell you, then," returned he, "for I see your imagination has already exaggerated the truth. It was only a slight rencountre with Dick Dareall, a half-breed."

"Ha! Dick Dareall and you met, foes! thank God you are not harmed," cried Adelaide, and clasped her hands fervently. "But tell me, Henry, how happened it?"

Henry now related what had taken place in the forest, with which the reader is already acquainted, speaking of the gratitude only, of Silver-Bird.

"Ought not something to be done," inquired Adelaide, as Henry concluded his account of the affair. "I think there was serious meaning in the words of Silver-Bird."

"I have already done all that lies in my power, but I fear to no purpose. A privy meeting has been called this evening, before which I stated what I have told you, and warned them to be on their guard and have preparations made accordingly; but they seem to think no danger need be apprehended, save to myself individually, while some even go so far as to say, the Indians will not *dare* to attack us. I hope, however, all will turn out as they predict, though I have my fears, for from the rumours afloat, they have already begun their depredations in many places, and from what little I myself have seen, I think they are becoming jealous of us."

"God grant your fears be not correct," said Adelaide solemnly, "though to them I must join mine, for somehow a gloom has settled over me, and I have strange forebodings. I have fears for you, Henry."

"Nay, think of yourself, dearest. I apprehend no danger on my own account."

"But you know Dick Dareall is a revengeful, cruel enemy; you have much to fear from him. Be well guarded, Henry."

"I will, Adelaide, believe me, and, as the meeting is not yet broken up, I will return to the council and make another appeal."

"Do so, Henry, and let me know the result when done,—will you?"

"I will," replied he, and passing out of the room into the hall before mentioned, he crossed this, and opening the door on the left of the main entrance, entered another apartment where some eight or ten individuals were seated, engaged in various conversations. As Henry entered, all eyes were bent on him, and the voices ceased.

"Well, master Harry, have you any thing new to communicate?" inquired an elderly gentleman, whose head was hoary with the frosts of some eighty winters, and who appeared to be chairman of the meeting, "have you any thing new to communicate?"

"Nothing," replied Henry, "save to beseech your honourable body to take some measures of precaution, lest we be taken unawares. The savage is a wily foe, and if, as I believe, he premeditates an attack, will most likely strike when we are most unguarded, most defenceless. How would you like, gentlemen, to see your wives and daughters exposed to the ruthless tomahawk and scalping-knife of the barbarian? For myself, I am a man, and fear nothing; but for those who are weak, defenceless, and whom, by all the laws of God and man we are bound to protect,—for them, in their behalf, I humbly pray your honourable body to be warned, be guarded in time. I would suggest the propriety of each man being well supplied with arms and ammunition, and to be in readiness at a moment's warning—that the fastenings of the guard-house be looked to, and that the women and children take shelter therein each night, until such time as safety shall be established on more permanent bases. Rumours are already afloat of Phillip's having opened war against the English, and that he will be supported by the Narragansetts, and other hostile tribes. *Think, gentlemen,*" concluded he, forcibly and solemnly, "what you please, but *remember, withal, yours is a responsible station! I have done.*"

Some discussions now arose, pro and con, as to the propriety of adopting Henry's suggestion, but he had touched a secret cord, and had the satisfaction of seeing the majority vote in its favour. Having accomplished his object, he now returned to Adelaide.

"Well, Henry, what success?" inquired she anxiously, as he entered.

"As much as could be expected, they have at length agreed to take precautions."

"Thank God, you have been the means of arousing them to a sense of duty," returned Adelaide, fervently. "But should we

be attacked, for my sake, Henry, do not, do not unnecessarily expose yourself."

"Fear not for me, sweet Adelaide,—I will try to do nothing rash, or hasty; but you know I am a *man*, governed by impulse, and were you in danger, sweet one, I scarce know myself in what manner I should act."

"I know you are brave, Henry, and therein lies my fear. Oh! if I should lose you, Henry," and at the bare thought, she clasped her hands in an agony of grief, and then, as a radiant smile broke over her fair countenance, she continued, in a low, sweet, tender strain, "we should soon meet again in Heaven, in yon bright realm of eternal bliss. Oh! is it not a happy thought, Henry?"

"It is—it is," cried he, passionately; "and that thought alone, will bear me up, should cruel fate deprive me of my Adelaide. And now good night, dearest," continued he, giving her a kiss. "May Heaven's angels guard your slumbers—your dreams be bright and glorious."

"Good night," sighed she, and as the noble form of Henry disappeared,—from that lone couch of sickness, murmured by lips that ne'er spoke aught but purity, a gentle prayer went up, in his behalf, to the Author of all being. Oh, it is sweet to be in prayer remembered by those we love.

* * * * *

Perhaps, ere we close this chapter, a few words with regard to Henry and Adelaide, will not be deemed amiss.

Henry Marlin had been born in Boston, of wealthy parents—had been well educated, and until within a few years prior to the opening of our tale, had lived in the affluence of easy independence. But a sudden reverse of fortune left his father little better than a beggar, and Henry, like many others before and since, had been turned upon the world, to get a living as best he might. Being of a bold, manly spirit, he sought out his home among the new settlements. He had lived in this village some three or four years, and here first became acquainted with Adelaide Ainsworth, who, like himself, had been reared and educated farther east. With tastes and feelings much alike, a mutual liking sprang up between them, which soon ripened into mutual love. Already had they plighted troth; the day of their marriage had been set, and but for the sickness of Adelaide,—which occurred a few days prior to the opening of our tale,—the nuptial ceremony had, ere this, been consummated.

CHAPTER III.

Death! thou hast had thy harvest! *

We can but mourn—for thou hast gathered in
The brightest, and most beautiful below.

GALLAGHER.

It is hard to pass from scenes of Love—where all is bright, pure and ennobling—where every thought is refined, as 'twere, by an indescribable something acting upon our feelings; where every thing seen through its hazy scope looks soft and pleasingly beautiful,—it is hard, we say, to pass from this, to the stern, dark, gloomy scenes of Death, where Horror, with her bloody eyes, rides past a ghastly phantom on her bony steed, and all is crumbling, all decaying, all passing beneath the dreary, darkening pall: yet such are the commands of Truth, and it is in her behalf, gentle reader, and not from choice, we now attempt to paint a scene of wo.

The morning of the 2d of September, 1675,—about ten days from the opening of our tale,—was ushered in with all the gentle beauty of a lovely, blushing bride. Aurora led the way, touching the eastern canopy with her airy pencil, and as she announced to the stars the approach of the god of day, each one, as in modesty, retired from so august a presence. From every songster went up sweet notes of welcome, and every breeze sighed strains of rejoicing.

Early the smoke rose from many a rude chimney in our little hamlet, and women and children poured forth in goodly numbers from the guard-house, each to their several places of abode. Half an hour later, and a group of some five or six young men had collected about a hundred paces in front of the guard-house, and were earnestly, to judge from their appearance, engaged on some topic of general interest.

“ For my part,” said one, a tall, raw-boned youth of eighteen, “ I don’t see a bit of necessity in our going armed all the time. I don’t believe the Injuns ’ll ever trouble us. ’Spose Henry Marlin did get a little scared, I don’t think that ought to scare us; besides its a great inconvenience to be obliged to lug a rifle along, every where one goes—for my part, I calculate to leave mine to home, to-day, at any rate.”

“ What say you, boys, to Pete Chapin’s advice?” spoke up a good-featured youth, of rather genteel appearance, “ for myself, I’ll agree with all my heart, for I’ve truly got tired of carrying my musket, as Pete says, every where—besides, I think it looks cowardly.”

“ And so do I,” returned another.

"And I," returned a fourth.

"And 'twixt you and me," added Pete Chapin, addressing the second speaker, "'twixt you and me, Ned Morton, I think as how Harry Marlin isn't the most courageous chap in the world."

"Well, do you know," replied Ned, with animation, "I've thought so for some time, but didn't like to say it, because, you know, Harry's rather a general favourite, at least among the *ladies*," and he emphasised the latter word in a bitter tone.

"You're right, Ned, about the *ladies*." joined in the third speaker, a full grown, rather uncomely youth,—"they do somehow have a fancy for Master Harry, though for my part, I don't see any particular reason for't. He's a good looking chap enough, that's true, but, as Pete says, I don't think he's *over* courageous."

"Well, I agree with Ike Longman—with you all, comrades," said the fourth speaker. "What say you, Arthur Mason?"

This last was addressed to a noble looking youth who was standing a little apart from the group, his arms crossed, and his eyes bent on the ground in a contemplative mood. As the last speaker addressed him, he slowly raised his head, exhibiting features stern and manly, and fixing his dark eyes inquiringly on him, said—

"What would you, John Wilson? I did not understand your question."

"Why, we were just saying as how we didn't think that—that Harry Marlin was—that is, if put to the test—was more than *over* courageous," replied Wilson, stammering, and somewhat abashed, "and—"

"Ha! say you so?" cried Arthur, interrupting him, his eyes flashing, and his form expanding. "Say you so, boys? I'll lay a wager there is not one among ye, ay, or all combined, *dare* tell him so; and here he comes to prove it,—who takes the wager?"

As he spoke, all eyes were directed toward Henry, who was seen approaching from the guard-house in company with another, both of whom carried rifles. His features were more care-worn than when last seen, as though from some hidden grief, but, save this, his appearance was much as before described. "Good morning to you, masters," said he, as he approached the group, slightly bowing, and frankly extending his hand to Arthur, who, in return, grasped it cordially, while the others, with but one exception, bowed with a deference such as officers of inferior rank exhibit toward their superiors. This exception was Pete, who turned away with a surly, grumbling air.

"How now, master Peter," continued Henry, who had noticed his demeanour, "art ill, or out of sorts this morning, lad?" But he received no answer.

"Perhaps Pete would like to take the wager," said Ned Morton, with a laugh, in which he was joined by the other two, who

but a few minutes before, had been so strenuous in joining with the same individual in the very opinions which they would now turn into ridicule, merely because they thought the other side, just then, more popular.

We have a great many of the like turn-coats among us at the present day. Would to Heaven there were less.

"You are babbling fools," returned Pete, angrily, and left the group.

"How fares your sister, Adelaide," inquired Arthur, speaking to the companion of Henry.

"Mending, I think, a little, but slowly," replied he, with a deep drawn sigh.

"Ha! what is the meaning of that, Ainsworth?" cried Henry, suddenly catching hold of his arm, pointing down the road to where the dust was agitated as though by a horse urged at full speed.

"Truly, I know not," returned Ainsworth, somewhat alarmed, "It seems to be a horse, with a rider urging it this way with extraordinary rapidity."

"And the rider is not of our race, if I judge rightly," added Arthur. "There—there, did you not mark that dress of red, Henry, and that form?"

"'Tis a woman, by Heaven!" exclaimed Ainsworth, "on a milk-white steed. How fearlessly she rides!"

"Ha! 'tis she," cried Henry, suddenly, with agitation.

"Who?" "Whom do you mean?" inquired Ainsworth and Arthur in the same breath.

"There," continued Henry, without noticing the interrogations; "does she not ride gracefully?—now she is lost behind that strip of wood—now she comes again—ah! how beautifully she rounds that point. She will soon be here."

As he spoke all eyes were bent intently on the rider, who was rapidly approaching, and who, from her form and dress, was pronounced to be an Indian maiden.

The order in which our little hamlet was laid out, was much the same as the one which occupies its site at the present day, being formed of one street only, on either side of which ranged the houses; the guard-house standing in, or nearly in, the centre; so that to approach it, you must first pass through one-half of the village. As the maiden neared the outskirts of the village, she slackened her steed and looked anxiously around, as though in search of some one whom she was not able to discern. Such an unusual phenomenon had drawn all the citizens to their doors, and she was stared at on all sides by men, women and children, with that peculiar stare of wonder and curiosity with which people gaze at some monster, or caged animal. She was a beautiful being; light and graceful in formation, and sat on her snowy steed—

which seemed obedient to her slightest wish—with an ease that would have formed a most delightful model for a sculptor. As she perceived herself to be an object of general wonder, a slight flush crimsoned her pale, yet swarthy cheeks, and she glanced uneasily about her. Suddenly her features brightened, she uttered a slight exclamation, and her steed sprang lightly forward. A couple of stout fellows leaped into the road to intercept her progress, but bounding quickly to one side, her steed passed, and the next instant was standing by the person of Henry Marlin.

“Silver-Bird,” exclaimed he, with emotion, “what means this? what brings you here?”

She cast on him a look of melancholy tenderness, and her large dark eyes shot softened gleams of love. Suddenly her countenance changed to a look of fear and anxiety, and drawing a feather from the folds of her dress she cast it at his feet—looked hurriedly around exclaiming, “Danger—fly.” The next instant her noble steed had cleared the group, who were fast gathering around, and swift as lightning she was dashing on through the village the way she came. Although we have been somewhat lengthy in this description, the whole time occupied was scarcely three minutes.

For a moment Henry gazed after her with quivering lips and pallid cheeks, then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, stooped to the ground and raised the feather.

“Look, comrades, look!” cried he, almost wildly, “see! see! ‘tis a white feather dipped in blood; the blood is yet wet on it! I know the fearful meaning! ‘Tis the red-man’s sign of vengeance—that he will thus dip the feathers of his arrows in the white-man’s blood! Quick! quick! to arms, to arms! sound the alarm—let the women and children hasten to the guard-house, with speed. Fly, fly! comrades; arm, and meet me here with the utmost despatch. We have not a moment to lose—the foe is near!”

Ere he ceased speaking, the group had dispersed in various directions; the alarm was sounded, and from every quarter came piercing screams of fear, while women and children, together with the aged, were hurrying to the guard-house—a fearful panic written in each of their countenances. In every direction men were seen hurrying toward Henry, who, with Ainsworth, kept his ground, having, as before remarked, their rifles with them. As by common consent all looked to Henry as their leader in this case of emergency, for his bold, manly spirit was well adapted to such a scene.

“How is this, Peter, that you stand there idle, without arms?” said Henry, sternly, as at a little distance he noticed him gazing sullenly at the proceedings. “Do you not know that your life is in danger?”

"I'm not so much of a *coward* as *some* folks," he answered bitterly. "I'm not romantic enough to believe in Injun gal's *red feathers*!"

"Fool!" cried Henry, his anger rising, and his eyes flashing fire, "were it other time than this, I would soon teach you a less insolent tone of speech. Quick, now, and get your rifle."

"I won't stir from this spot, by —" the oath trembled on his lips; a volley, and the war-whoop of the savage, drowned the sound; a ball pierced his brain, and the next instant he lay a corpse. He had been taken at his word.

As the Indians fired they made a rush forward, and were received by a well directed volley from those drawn up about Henry, which did good execution. "At them, boys," cried he, as leaping forward, with a well-directed blow, he stretched an Indian at his feet.

"Give it to the red-skins," cried another, which proved to be Arthur Mason, as he followed Henry's example. A shout of animation from the villagers, who, encouraged by the examples set them, made a bold rush upon the Indians, together with the addition of others, who were rapidly coming up, soon turned the scale in their favour; and the Indians, not being prepared for such strong opposition, fled with precipitation.

Numbers now went in pursuit—excited by their supposed easy conquest—contrary to the admonitions of Henry, who wisely foresaw it was by far the most prudent part to remain, and be more fully prepared for another attack, which he judged would soon take place. The event proved him in the right; for out of the ten who followed the Indians, five only returned—about fifteen minutes later, driven in by the savages, two of whom, being wounded, were overtaken, tomahawked and scalped, in front of the guard-house.

In the meantime, by Henry's directions, the body of Chapin, together with several others who had been wounded in the affray, were removed to the guard-house, where it was thought advisable for the whole party to take up their position, and await the result.

"Poor fellow," said Henry, as the bloody corpse of Chapin was borne past him, "he has met his fate," and he turned away with a shudder.

"Henry," cried Adelaide—who still kept her bed from sickness—as he entered the guard-house, the last one of the party, and flew to the bed, "thank God you are safe,"—and she wept tears of joy.

Henry pressed her to his bosom in silence, implanted a kiss on her fair, cold forehead, and turned away to get every thing in preparation in case of a second attack.

The guard-house was crowded with men, women and children, the two latter of whom clung to Henry as to a protector, or fol-

lowed him about, asking a thousand questions as to what was to be done, whether the Indians would attack them again, &c. &c., until, in self-defence, he was obliged to chide them with a severity foreign to his natural disposition.

Arrangements were soon made to have the weaker portion occupy as much as possible the centre of the building, together with the wounded, while those who were able to bear arms, should be put on defence.

Scarcely had these arrangements been effected, when cries of distress were heard from without; the door of the guard-house was thrown open, and, pale and breathless, three men entered, while two others, less fortunate, met their fate, as already shown. The Indians, with a terrific yell of vengeance, now rushed forward, discharged their pieces at the building, and attempted to gain an entrance by forcing in the door; but being strong and double barred, it successfully resisted their combined exertions. Finding this effort failed, they tried to cut a passage with their hatchets, but failing in this also, they turned with a yell of triumph to the deserted houses, which they plundered, and set on fire, and soon our peaceful hamlet was wrapped in a sheet of flame. In the meantime a heart-rending scene was enacting within, calculated to move any heart less hard than marble.

"Henry," cried Adelaide in alarm, as the three men above noticed rushed into the house; "come here, I would speak a word with you." In an instant the young man was by her side.

"What would you, dearest?" said Henry.

Fixing her soft, speaking eyes upon him with a solemn, mournful expression, at the same time raising herself in bed, with a sweet gentle voice she replied—

"Henry, perchance"—and her voice faltered—"perchance, Henry, I am speaking to you for the last time. I have a strange foreboding—" Her speech was cut short by a savage yell—the roar of musketry followed—a ball passed through the wall, lodged in her brain—and Adelaide fell back a—*corpse*.

"Great God of Heaven!" cried Henry, frantically, "what do I behold!—Adelaide! Adelaide! dearest Adelaide! dead—dead! Oh God! Oh God, support me!"—and he fell senseless to the floor.

All was now hurry and confusion as the inmates rushed forward to lend their aid, or learn what fearful thing had taken place; and cries, and groans, and pitiful lamentations resounded through the house, as the fatal truth was made known; and brave men, and aged matrons wept—for all loved the gentle Adelaide.

Water was brought and thrown on Henry, and in a few minutes he recovered from his swoon. But what a fearful change a few minutes had wrought. Men shuddered as they beheld it.

His countenance was ghastly pale, his eyes glared with a wild, glassy look, and on every feature was written—*Horror*. As he

recovered, he looked slowly around, fastening his dark eyes upon each individual that met his gaze, with a look which made their blood curdle in their veins, until at length they rested on Adelaide, adown whose lovely features—lovely even in death—the gory stream was trickling—when, suddenly he gave a start, and a cold shudder ran through his frame. The next instant with a bound he sprang forward, imprinted a kiss on her death-cold lips, exclaiming, “Thou shalt be revenged dearest Adelaide—farewell,”—and turning with the cry of “Vengeance,” ere any one was aware of his purpose, he had seized his rifle—leaped forward—unbarred the door—and rushed from the guard-house.

So sudden was this movement, that, for an instant, all stood like statues, gazing at each other in wonder and alarm.

“Vengeance,” cried Arthur Mason, suddenly—“Vengeance! shall the brave Harry Marlin die alone, unaided? the lovely Adelaide die *thus*, unrevenged?”

As the electric spark will suddenly fire a magazine, so did this spark of heart-felt eloquence suddenly fire the hearts of all who heard him.

“Vengeance!—vengeance!” was the universal shout, as following Arthur, form after form leaped through the doorway, and the savages were startled with a yell of fury little less savage than their own. Even the women, for the moment, caught the enthusiasm, and echoed “Vengeance!”

And dire was that vengeance to the red-man, so suddenly taken unawares. Mercy was blotted out in blood. The villagers fought like fiends. The foe fell before them wherever they went; either shot, cut, or beat down—until they relinquished the field; and the bodies of the dead were cast among the flames of the burning village.

Among those who nobly fell was young Arthur Mason, around whose body lay four stout Indian warriors, who had met death at his hands. He had died like a *man*!

As for Henry Marlin, he was never afterwards seen by any of the villagers, who mourned him as dead.

After rushing from the guard-house, about an hundred yards distant, he encountered Dick Dareall, who, with a demoniacal yell, sprung towards him, at the same instant throwing his tomahawk, which barely grazed his head. Springing suddenly back, Henry raised his rifle—the half-breed sprung in the air, and fell forward without a groan—dead. Again rushing on, maddened, bewildered, without his usual caution, he found himself suddenly surrounded, seized, and a prisoner to the savage foe. He would have been instantly killed, had he not been reserved for future torture. After seeing some of his brave comrades fall in the attempt to rescue him, he was finally borne away.

* * * * *

That night, in the dark wilds of the forest, surrounded by fiends who bore the human shape, Henry stood, bound hand and foot, chained to a tree. Henry Marlin was not a coward, and yet did he *fear to live*, to undergo the dreadful torture which he knew awaited him on the morrow. "Could I but die now," thought he, "how gladly would I welcome death. I have nothing now to live for. Adelaide, sweet angel, is in Heaven!" As he said this half aloud, he suddenly became aware of some gentle being near, for a soft voice said "Hist." He felt his hands gently touched and they were free. Next his feet, and they were free also. And, lost in bewilderment, almost before he was aware, a knife was in his hand, and *he was free!* A soft hand touched his, and a form glided gently forward—he mechanically followed.

"Silver-Bird," whispered he softly.

"Hist," was the only answer.

The next morning the savages were in a rage for the loss of a victim—their chief for the loss of a daughter.

Three months later a paragraph appeared in a Boston paper, stating that a young man of genteel appearance, sailed that day in a packet ship bound for Europe, accompanied by a beautiful Indian female.

Reader, our task is ended. Our tale has run its destined course. The rest, by right, belongs to the pages of history. And yet we are loth to part without a few words more. To trace out the history of each individual whom we have introduced to your notice, is not our purpose—and yet, 'twould be but one single ending, Death. We start with various aims in the morning o' life—we pass through various scenes of joy and wo—we travel various roads—and yet we ever bring up in one general ending, Death.

The next day from the foregoing events was a mournful day to our villagers, as with saddened hearts, gloomy looks, and tearful eyes, they followed the remains of Adelaide Ainsworth, Arthur Mason, and others, who had nobly died in their defence, past the smoking ruins of their once happy homes, and saw them forever consigned to the silent dust. And yet of these, but few survived to tell the mournful tale. A short time afterwards, they were surprized again by the savages, and nearly all cut off. Those who were fortunate enough to escape, fled to other settlements, and our village was deserted.

A beautiful village, or town, now occupies the site of the one destroyed by the Indians in 1675. We have passed along its shady sidewalks, and have felt the soft breeze of summer on our heated brow, beneath its green and shady trees, with sensations

of delight. To the curious, we will say, the old guard-house still stands, bearing upon its aged covering to this day, the marks of the Indian's tomahawk—a living monument of the dim, shadowless, yet mighty *Past*.

We have seen, with strange sensations, those very scars, which Time the great destroyer, has, in nearly two centuries, been unable to efface. We have stood beneath its hoary roof, if we may so use the expression—aye, within the very room—have seen the hole in its aged wall through which the bullet passed—and have seen, pointed out by female fingers, the very spot where the pure, and lovely Adelaide, met her untimely fate.

Reader, this is no fiction, as many a traveller who has gazed with wonder upon the old house of Northfield, Massachusetts, can verify.

GENEVIEVE.

BY ALBERT PIKE, ESQ.

Of all the rivers in the West
 I love the clear Neosho best,
 For there was I first truly bless'd,
 There first in my fond arms I press'd
 My blushing Genevieve.
 Her eyes were bright, yet black as night,
 And radiant with love's holy light,
 A tender, melancholy pair,
 Brilliant as if were throned there
 The lone star of the eve.
 How dear to me that rosy mouth,
 Sweet as the jasmines of the South,
 Those little, graceful, dancing feet,
 That flew so joyfully to meet
 Me at our old, rude, oaken seat,
 Close to the clear Neosho.

On my glad heart her forehead fair,
 In trusting fondness pillow'd there,—
 The sunlight, flashing from her hair,
 With golden glory filled the air
 That swam round Genevieve.
 Her lips divine, press'd close to mine,—
 Nay, frown not, Dian! pure as thine

Were soul and heart and lip and eye,
Pure as an angel of the sky

Was my sweet Genevieve.

Her bosom's snowy paradise,
Forbidden to unhallowed eyes,
Beat with devotion on my breast,
While clasping fondly her slight waist,
Those rosy, loving lips I kissed,

Chaste as the clear Neosho.

The river murmured in its bed,
The scented clover round us spread,
The birds sang gladly over head,
Bees at the honeysuckles fed,—

All loved my Genevieve.

Her petted deer was ever near,
A gentle thing devoid of fear,—
The flowering vine above us made
A silver dusk, half light, half shade,

From morn till dewy eve.

And there she murmured in my ear
The words I hoped and longed to hear,
That told me she was all my own,
By her dear eyss before made known,
While often we sat there alone,

Close to the clear Neosho.

Over the lofty Caranole
The crimson clouds still foam and roll,—
But she is gone that was the soul
Illuming like a sun the whole,

My sweet, young Genevieve.

Vanished are those bright hours that rose
Like golden drifts at day's soft close,—
That face no longer greets me here,
Which made these grassy banks so dear,—

I stay behind to grieve.

Yet still I love the tranquil tide
On which I wooed and won my bride :—
Long years have passed since she was there,
Yet I preserve with jealous care
Our old, rude, twisted, oaken chair,
That hallows the Neosho.

SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS.*

THE course which we commence this evening, may be denominated the history of the earth;—the study of the composition, structure, and natural history of our terrestrial globe.

Geology, which means literally a discourse on the earth, at first only professed to teach the structure and arrangement of the rocky masses forming the crust of our earth; but now geologists are not satisfied to limit its sphere of investigation within such narrow bounds. At this day, geology ranges over the circle of the scientific horizon; it grasps, not only at the kindred sciences of chemistry and mineralogy, but it dips also into the departments of natural history and philosophy; it brings to its aid the labours of the botanist, zoologist, ornithologist, comparative anatomist, and even the astronomer and mathematician.

A subject embracing so great a range of physical science, cannot but be fraught with interest, and prolific in matter; and when presented to the mind in a tangible, matter-of-fact manner by suitable experimental and pictorial illustrations, it cannot fail to impart both useful instruction and pleasure—I need not say rational amusement.

He that has not tasted the pleasures of the acquisition of such knowledge; he who has not partaken of the delights of extorting from nature her hidden secrets, has lost—I can vouch for it—a large portion of the sources of human happiness. A mind alive to natural science finds even in the sands of the sea-shore a lesson, —in the pebble by the brook a subject for contemplation. There is not a ledge of rocks by the river side, but enchains his attention; the wild-flowers of the forest are for him objects of admiration; he does not even spurn from him the snakes and the lizards;—all nature lives for him. He needs no unnatural excitement to wile away the tedious hour, no artificial stimulus to kill time;—the day for him is too short; for, insatiate in the acquisition of new facts, though they be but links in the great chain of cause and effect, his school is never closed—his work is never ended—his goal is never won. Yes! here is a safe remedy for ennui; here is a wholesome antidote for the blues; here is a safety valve for the exuberant and active energies of youth.

Are there any present who will say that we can find no time for such studies? To such I would reply, one hour a day—and surely there are few but can spare that little time—one hour a

* These excellent remarks on the benefit of scientific pursuits, were introductory to a course of lectures recently given in this city, by Dr. D. D. Owen, on Geology, and its kindred sciences; and those which follow were his introduction to Geology.—ED.

day, steadily and diligently applied from week to week, and year to year, will accomplish, in the end, much. The will is the deed. No man ever was determined to execute a design, but he could find time to do it. But, perchance the expense is considered an insurmountable difficulty. One half the means expended in frivolous ornaments, and pernicious drugs, would furnish ample funds to follow up many scientific pursuits. What great outlay is there, during our leisure hours, in collecting plants, finding out their names, studying their characters and medicinal properties, classifying them, learning their analogies, and preserving them in an herbarium? One small volume and a quire of paper are all that is absolutely necessary. What great outlay is there in collecting the magnificent and varied species which these western forests and prairies furnish, of the feathered tribe? A gun, which almost every young man in this country possesses, a knife, some tow, a little corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol, and a few coils of wire, are all that is really requisite. What great outlay is there in collecting specimens of the various beautiful fresh-water shells of our rivers? Only a cold-foot bath now and then. What great outlay is there in collecting specimens of the numerous and remarkable fossils which the vallies of the Ohio and Mississippi afford? Only a little wholesome exercise. Nay! what great outlay is there in pursuing even experimental chemistry on a small scale? Two or three dollars will purchase some glass tubes, and small quantities of the most useful reagents: all that is absolutely necessary. This little instrument (the blow-pipe) with a candle, a few grains of borax and soda, has analysed many a mineral substance. The great chemists, Davy and Dalton, commenced their experimental researches, which terminated in the most brilliant and important discoveries, with apparatus that cost them only a few shillings. The chemical apparatus employed in illustrating these lectures is, as you will see, exceedingly simple and cheap.

Here, then, is a wide field open to all, where the comparatively dormant energies of youth can sport at large, and lay up for their maturer years a store of knowledge, satisfaction and usefulness, of which no reverse of fortune can bereave them,—which no calamity can blast.

Will ye not, youthful hearers, drink at this living fountain, which invigorates without stimulating, which satisfies without intoxicating? Look around you! among your youthful acquaintances. Are there any amongst them devoted to some scientific pursuit? Watch that individual in his walk through life, and, I will venture to say, you will seldom find him guilty of those excesses and immoralities which, alas! are too prevalent for the tranquil and permanent happiness of mankind. And the reason is obvious. The human mind, like the muscular system of childhood, is so consti-

tuted, that in inactivity it finds the worst of punishment. It must have some object to work upon, either for good or evil. If its energies are once directed in a channel where it finds employment, amusement and instruction, it not only ceases to yearn after trifling pursuits, but it shuns the paths of vice as it would a pestilential disease.

I can point out to you a man in this western country—a man, too, who earns his daily bread by shoe-making, who is a striking example of the truth of this assertion. That man has collected in Canada and the Western states of North America, no less than four hundred specimens of indigenous birds; he has stuffed them as well as any educated naturalist could do, and many of them he has set up with wires, in cases, in the most natural and animated attitudes. That man can explain to you, not only the class and order to which each specimen belongs, but he can point out the nicest specific distinctions;—he can acquaint you with the habits, food and resorts of each bird he lays before you;—he can initiate you into the mode of distinguishing them in the forest or on the wing at a distance, by their note, song and flight. Besides his interesting collection of birds, he has tolerably extensive cabinets of both insects and minerals. But it is not to ornithology, entomology and mineralogy alone, that he has devoted himself. That man has constructed for himself a telescope, by which he can observe Jupiter's satellite, and many stars invisible to the naked eye. At this time he is engaged in studying that difficult branch of natural philosophy, optics, and is manufacturing, during his leisure moments, a compound microscope;—and all this during hours snatched from his rest and recreation. That man is a cripple, deprived of many of the sources of enjoyment which his more fortunate fellow-creatures possess, and, therefore, doubly liable to drink of the bitter cup of misery. But think ye such an inquiring mind could backslide, such internal resources fall into bad habits? No!—go when you will into that man's shop, you will always find him busy either working or reading; and what is remarkable considering his situation, always cheerful, happy and contented. Enter into conversation with him, you will not fail to be both interested and delighted.

Here is a case of contentment and enjoyment, where you have reason to expect rather vice and misanthropy. This is the work of science! Have we not reason to be proud of it?

Let me, however, guard the scientific student against some of the frivolities of his predecessors. Though not a necessary consequence of scientific pursuits, the labourers in this field are sometimes carried away by inordinate ambition, and selfish acquisitiveness. It is right and proper that a man should wish to distinguish himself;—this is but the wholesome stimulus to exertion;

but to depreciate the merits of his co-labourers,—to refuse to acknowledge their discoveries,—to wantonly destroy or keep concealed for the sake of possessing, an unique specimen,—to refuse a fellow-labourer sources of information within our reach,—to hoard up what we can well afford to divide;—this is unkind, ungenerous, unmanly. There was a time when monopolies like these were overlooked, and even sanctioned; but that dark age is fast receding before the lights of modern science. The motto of the naturalist, as of the social reformer should be, “**EACH FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR EACH.**”

INTRODUCTION TO GEOLOGY.

STANDING ON the pinnacle of a mountain chain, away from the turmoil of a crowded city; elevated beyond the habitation of man and all that is evanescent; gazing upon that orb one has been accustomed to see from the earliest days of infancy, tracing his apparent path in the Heavens with an undeviating precision; turning towards the wide spread valley beneath, and following with the eye the glistening tide of placid water winding its accustomed course through the verdant plain, receiving accession by the lateral tributaries which swell its volume as it speeds its onward career to mingle, at last, with the mighty deep, whose wave has washed the shingle, or lashed the sea-cliff from time immemorial; the hoary caps of moss-clad peaks, planted around in immovable and solemn grandeur; the foot resting on the granite summit, the emblem of durability and stability, whose massive and hardened substance seems to bid defiance to the elements; a death-like stillness reigning around; all nature shrouded in her gray mantle of sombre hue;—what thought more natural, what reflection more consonant, than the immutability of nature! Compared with man’s ephemeral life so is it. Yet Geology may declare your aged pinnacles are but of yesterday, your fertile valley has but just emerged from the ocean. Your sea-beach is but a temporary, a momentary barrier, bounding land and sea. I will crumble your everlasting hills to dust. Atom by atom shall they pass away. Yon gushing torrent shall undermine and bring them low, transport, and scatter their material wide-spreading in that ocean’s bed. Yon peaceful herd, browsing in the distance, I will one day sweep from off the face of the earth; having fulfilled its destiny, it shall give place to some new race more congenial to the altered clime.

Geology stands not still; she knows no rest; she recognizes no stability. What has been, has vanished,—what is, is evanescent,—what is to come will endure but for a season. In one

short line of the Italian poet, Ariosto, these geological mutations have been beautifully expressed,—

Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa.
Nature made it and then broke the die.

Such are the inferences deduced from geological reasonings, on which I am now about to enter; not the less true because they are, at first sight, startling and incredible.

This sublime, this searching, this penetrating science, has not only demonstrated the formation, demolition and re-arrangement of the rocky masses constituting the earth's crust, but it has exhumed from the tomb of ages the remains of by-gone existences. It has opened the sepulchres of lost races, and calling to its aid the acquirements of the naturalist, the anatomist, the botanist, the chemist and mineralogist, it has expounded the past history of our earth; snatched from oblivion the records of innumerable species which have peopled this earth in succession; and, selecting from the charnel-house the most perfect of these remains, it has restored to the museums of the comparative anatomist a multitude of extinct forms which had narrowly escaped human observation, and which, but for the researches of geology, must have remained buried in their rocky tombs unheeded and unknown. In many of the extinct races, made known by geological researches, the naturalist has recognized lost tribes, which form important connecting links in the classification of animals, where before wide gaps existed.

A century ago, who could have believed it possible that man could scan the dark abyss beyond the human epoch; could assert with the utmost confidence, that, at a period so remote as to defy human conception, our earth was inhabited by beings entirely different from any now in existence; that he should be able, not only to form clear ideas of their osteology, but, also, to define their physiological structure, their food, their habits? Nay, could even count the number of lenses of which the eye of one of these most curious, ancient, extinct tribes was composed, and even designate in others the peculiar structure of the delicate mucus membrane lining the alimentary canal?

Yet, these wonderful, these almost miraculous discoveries relating to the internal structure of this earth, and its petrified organic remains, which I shall endeavour to develope in the course of these lectures, have been brought to light within the last half century. The facts collected, are now systematized, classified and arranged, and therefrom has unexpectedly sprung up a science which ranks next to astronomy for the vastness and extent of its investigations, for the sublimity of its inferences, and for the elevation of mind consequent on its study. It has riveted the attention of mankind, not more on account of the effulgent light

it has shed over remote periods, where before all was mystery and impenetrable darkness, as for its important, its invaluable practicable bearing.

So true is it that the agricultural character of the country is dependent on its geological position, that the experienced eye of the Geologist, glancing over the surrounding landscape, detects, at once, by the peculiarities of growth in the field and the forest, the nature of the rock formations hidden beneath its verdure. Knowing from experience the constituents which enter into the composition of certain rocks, as well as the accidental minerals disseminated in veins, fissures, rents and cavities, he can often predict what the probable result of a chemical examination of the overlying or adjacent soil may be. This serves as an excellent guide in devising the subsequent steps in the chemical analysis which is to point out what crops are most appropriate to such a soil, as well as the additions, in organic or inorganic manures, which may prove most beneficial to others less congenial to such arable land. The chemistry of agriculture, as connected with Geology, has already reached that precision that it can designate what essential elements may be deficient in a soil for the growth of any given crop, and hence, suggests at once the additions and preparations which such land must undergo, to enable it to yield a profit to the tiller. Familiar with the association and connection of mineral earth, the Geologist can make known to the farmer, inhabiting barren and unproductive land, the nearest accessible localities where the required ingredients for its improvement or restoration can be procured, and thus he has often the satisfaction of establishing a home of comfort and cheerfulness, where before was nakedness and sorrow. We are informed by Van Renssellaer that, some years since, the inhabitants of a small village of Monmouth county, in New Jersey, finding that all the labour they could bestow on their lands did not render them productive, and that they could not force the churlish soil to yield them bread, resolved to desert the place of their nativity and seek a more friendly soil. The discovery of marl, however, having been made and mentioned to them, they resolved to give it a trial, and found it to succeed to admiration, and far beyond their hopes. Land, that for a century had been considered as without value, was soon converted into fertile fields, yielding abundant and valuable crops. The consequence has been that the same labour which would scarcely afford subsistence, now affords wealth and contentment. The lands of the county are said to be worth at least one million of dollars more since the disclosure and use of this mineral substance.

The benefits which may arise to the community from a general knowledge of this branch of science among masons and architects, are almost too obvious to require elucidation here.

Let the traveller on our national road notice the ravages which a few years have made in the decay and dissolution of the bridges and culverts which have been constructed of the fine grained argillaceous sand-stone, taken from the knobs of Indiana. The very stones themselves advocate the cause of this science, and speak from their gaping chasms and crumbling lips, in tones the most eloquent, of the importance of a knowledge of the chemical nature and durability of building materials—a branch of Geology. The waste of labour and public monies expended on these structures, which must all be rebuilt, might have educated a large portion of the rising generation of the state.

In the search after mineral wealth Geology is the careful adviser, the prudent and faithful admonisher. It will be one of the objects of these lectures to show that this science, properly understood, is as sure a guide to the miner and quarryman, as the compass to the mariner. As a proof of this I may state, that, in the school of miners in Paris, the Geological chair holds the first and foremost rank.

GEOLOGY.

It is only within a score of years that Geology has attracted any considerable attention. Considering the magnitude of its investigations, this is a short period to develope its principles and resolve them into a system. But from the unceasing devotion of many strong-minded enthusiasts, an astonishing amount has been accomplished, and Geology holds a proud position in the circle of the sciences. It yields to no branch of learning in the magnificence of its developments, the wonders of its researches, and the noble interest with which it inspires the inquirer. The revelations of Astronomy are truly sublime, grand and amazing; but while she only opens to our view the glorious mechanism of the universe, Geology penetrates deeper into the secrets of God-created nature, and reads to us the laws by which suns and rolling spheres were called from chaos, and progressively brought to their present perfection.

Perhaps the objects of geological investigations are those which would least commend themselves to inquirers before the advent of this science, as a basis of a distinct and incomparably important branch of learning. Little inclined would be even the wise ones of the earth to think, that scientific laurels could be plucked from beneath their feet several miles below the reach of human labour. But so it is. Not only has man been enabled, within a few years, to turn over the different strata, as leaves of

a mighty volume, which compose the external crust of the earth, and to translate their marvellous language for the admiration of the world, but he has also extended his inductive reasoning to the very centre of our globe, and told us of the moulten mass that glows with fervent heat bound within a narrow rocky covering on the outer surface of which oceans roll, rivers flow, mountains rise, vegetation grows, animals roam, and man performs his routine of mental and physical toil.

To give some idea of the principles of Geology, and to excite a desire to pursue its investigations, as well as those of kindred sciences, we shall publish an article in each number of this volume of the Journal and Review, beginning with—

COMPOSITION OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.

By the earth's crust is signified the outer covering of a few miles in depth, which encloses the central mass of almost as many thousands of miles in depth admitted by Geologists to be in a fluid state. This crust is composed of diversified strata of rocks, classified and systematized according to their lithological and fossiliferous characteristics.

In order to give the most geological information possible in a small space, we shall divide the subject into four branches, to be treated in four articles, each of which will be complete in itself.

1. The Rocky Structure of the Earth.
2. Palaeontology, or the Science of Fossil Remains.
3. The Causes of Geological Changes.
4. Considerations as to the Age of the Earth,—Agricultural Geology, &c.

This article will be confined to the structure of the earth.

The term rock is of extensive signification in Geology. It not only includes all hard, stony masses, but also clay, soft sandstone, and even beds of incoherent sand, provided they constitute members of a series of strata or beds.

I.—SIMPLE MINERALS.

The following list includes the most of those which compose the rocky portions of the globe. The most important and abundant are first in the list. The last three occur sparingly.

Quartz,	Steatite,
Felspar,	Serpentine,
Compact Felspar,	Carbonate of Lime,
Clinkstone,	Carbonate of Magnesia,
Claystone,	Bitter Spar,
Mica,	Dolomite,

Talc,	Sulphate of Lime,
Chlorite,	Bitumen,
Hornblende,	Oxide of Iron,
Augite,	Sulphate of Iron,
Actinolite,	Schorl,
Hypersthene,	Chiastolite,
Diallage,	Garnet.

QUARTZ.—This mineral is pure silicic acid. An acid is a compound of oxygen or hydrogen with some other body—as sulphur and oxygen form sulphuric acid. Acids are sour to the taste, and change blue, green and purple vegetables to red. They are generally liquid, but sometimes occur in a solid and gaseous state. Silicic acid has none of the more common acid properties, yet, as it combines in definite proportions with many salifiable bases, it is thus termed. It is composed of the base silicon united with an equal quantity by weight of oxygen. It is nearly pure rock-crystal, chalcedony and flint. Quartz is diffused through many varieties of rock. In form it occurs in six-sided pyramids, and six-sided prisms terminated by six-sided pyramids. Its fracture is conchoidal, its lustre vitreous, some are transparent and some translucent. Hardness: scratches glass. Some varieties phosphoresce. Specific gravity is 2.6. Fusible alone before the blow-pipe. The following are varieties: Rock CRYSTAL, transparent. MILK QUARTZ: opaque and the colour of milk. ROSE QUARTZ: rose-red colour derived from manganese. AMETHYST: various shades of violet and purple, derived from manganese and iron. YELLOW QUARTZ: of various shades of yellow. BROWN QUARTZ: with other less important varieties.

FELSPAR.—This mineral is next in abundance to Quartz and Oxide of Iron. It admits of cleavage into an acute-angled parallelopipedon. It is of a vitrious lustre and scratches glass, yielding with some difficulty to the knife. The pervading colour is white; sometimes flesh red and green. It is composed of silica 64.50, alumina 19.75, potassa 11.50, lime, a trace, oxide of iron 1.75, water .75, of every 100 parts.

COMPACT FELSPAR.—This very strongly resembles many of the compact and smooth varieties of limestone, except it is harder and will not effloresce with acids. It occurs in gneiss in large flattened masses. It is the base of many of the trap family of rocks. It has a white appearance on the weathered surfaces of rocks, of which it constitutes the main part.

CLINKSTONE.—This mineral yields to the knife, and passes on the one hand into compact felspar and on the other into claystone. It is of various colours. It emits a ringing sound when struck with a hammer. It is composed principally of compact felspar.

CLAYSTONE forms the whole of some, and the greater portion of

many other rocks. It is of various degrees of hardness, from wacke, the softest of the trap family, to jasper and silicious schist, the hardest of rocks.

MICA.—This occurs crystallized in granite, gneiss, mica slate, porphyry, lava, and primary limestone. In form it is a right rhomboidal prism,—colour, shades of white, yellow, green, brown, and occasionally black. *Cleavage*: easily divided, parallel to the terminal planes of its crystals. *Lustre*: vitreous. It is sufficiently transparent to be used as a substitute for glass. It is smooth to the touch, and yields easily to the knife. Its elasticity distinguishes it from talc, which is flexible, but not elastic. Alumina, silica, oxide of iron, and potassa, mainly compose mica.

TALC is allied to mica. It occurs crystallized in some granite, massive and earthy in veins in talcose schist and primary limestone. Its crystals are hexagonal tables. It is of a silver-white or yellowish colour, of a pearly lustre, translucent, yields to the nail, unctuous to the touch, and weighs 2.8. Composition, 61.00 silica, 30.55 magnesia, potassa 2.75, oxide of iron 2.50. *Massive Talc* is less flexible and translucent, and of an apple-green colour. *Indurated Talc* is massive and of a greenish colour.

CHLORITE.—This mineral occurs crystallized in veins in cavities of granite, &c. enclosed in crystals of quartz, felspar and other minerals, in such quantities as to give them a green colour,—massive in chlorite schists and clay slates. When crystallized, its form is a flat, six-sided prism. Colour, dark-green, yellowish green and grayish. It is opaque, of a shining lustre, yields to the nail, unctuous to the touch. With borax it yields a green glass. The varieties are, *Earthy Chlorite*, *Common* or *Massive Chlorite*, *White Silver Chlorite*, *Chlorite Slate*. Its composition is, silica 26.00, magnesia 8.00, oxide of iron 43.00, alumina 18.05, potassa 2.00, for the earthy; 29.50, 21.39, 23.39, 15.62, with water 7.38, and lime 1.50, for the slaty chlorite; and 52.00, 6.00, 23.00, 7.00, 4.00 potassa 7.50, for the green earth.

HORNBLENDE.—This rock occurs crystallized with felspar and quartz in some granites, in syenite, greenstone, basalt and lava. Its colour is dark bottle-green, brownish-green, or brown approaching to black. Its lustre is shining. Its dark varieties are opaque, and the green translucent at the edges. It yields easily to the knife, is tough and difficult to break. Its specific gravity is 3.62, water being 1.00. The varieties are *Massive Hornblende*, *Hornblende Slate*, and *Basaltic Hornblende*. Common hornblende is composed of silica 42.00, alumina 12.00, lime 11.00, magnesia 2.25, oxide of iron 30.00,—basaltic hornblende 47.00, 26.00, 8.00, 2.90, 0.00, with iron 15.00.

AUGITE.—This occurs crystallized with felspar, in augitic greenstone, augitic basalt, lava, and primary limestone. It is of a dark-green, brown, and sometimes black colour, vitreous lustre, con-

choidal fracture, hard enough to scratch glass, and weighs 3·3. It is closely allied to hornblende. Augite is formed when the process of cooling is rapid, and hornblende when it is slow.

ACTINOLITE.—This occurs in veins in hornblende slate, gneiss, mica slate, and limestone. Its varieties are, *Crystallized*, *Asbestiform*, and *Glossy Actinolite*. Its colour is leek-green, fracture fibrous. Lustre, shining, and hard enough to scratch glass. Its composition is silica 64·00, alumina 2·70, lime 9·30, magnesia 20·00, and oxide of iron 4·00: weight, 3·3.

HYPERTHENE.—This occurs crystallized with felspar in hyperssthene rock, syenite greenstone and granite. Its colour is dark-brown or greenish-black. Lustre, on the fractured surface, of a copper-red, or greenish, observable in one direction only. It is opaque and yields to the knife. Its fracture is uneven, and is composed of silica 54·25, alumina 2·25, lime 1·25, magnesia 14·00, oxide of iron 34·50, and water 1·00.

DIALLAGE.—This occurs crystallized with felspar in diallage rock and serpentine. Cleavage in two directions—one perfect and appearing in slight traces. Colour, olive-green, inclining to blackish-green. Lustre, metallic on the perfect faces and vitreous on the other. It is opaque, but translucent on the edges. It is composed of silica 46·26, magnesia 19·03, lime 13·96, alumina 11·48, protoxide of iron 3·43, and protoxide of manganese 9·36.

STEATITE OR SOAPSTONE.—This is found in beds in serpentine, granite, clay-slate, and also in veins. Its colour is white, passing into gray, green, yellow and red. It is dull in lustre, and yields to the nail. Its touch is unctuous and its edges translucent. Specific gravity 2·67. Composition, silica 64·00, magnesia 22·00, protoxide of iron 3·00, water 5·00, and sometimes about 10·00 of alumina.

SERPENTINE.—This often constitutes masses of simple rock, and is found sometimes mixed with crystalline limestone, and also in rolled masses in conglomerate. Its fracture is splintery. Colour various shades of green. Lustre, translucent, glimmering or glistening. It yields to the knife, and weighs 2·5. Composition; silica 32·00, magnesia 37·44, lime 10·20, oxide of iron 6·00, and water 14·90.

CARBONATE OF LIME.—This mineral is very generally diffused, but enters sparingly into compound rocks. It is more abundant in the more recent strata than in the older. It is abundant in almost every section as common limestone. Its most beautiful varieties are found in Derbyshire, in England, known as Derbyshire spar. Its specific gravity is 2·7; composition, lime 57·00, and carbonic acid 43·00.

CARBONATE OF MAGNESIA.—This occurs amorphous, fibrous, spongiform, and pulverulent. Its colour is gray or yellowish. Its fracture is splintery. It is dull and opaque, and yields to the nail.

externally, while internally it is harder than calcareous spar. Its composition is magnesia 48, carbonic acid 49, and water 3. It dissolves with slow effervescence in acids. With the carbonate of lime it occurs crystallized under the name of bitterspar.

BITTERSPAR is of a rhomboidal form. Its colour is grayish or yellow, sometimes inclining to red: pearly lustre, and semi-transparent: scratches calcareous spar: brittle: specific gravity 3: composition, 52 carbonate of lime, 45 carbonate of magnesia, 3 oxide of iron and manganese.

DOLOMITE is a massive variety of the carbonate of lime and magnesia resembling granular limestone, but softer. Its structure is of fine grains which are lamellar. In colour it is white, with a tinge of green or gray. Its internal lustre is glittering and its edges transparent. It yields to the nail, and often gives out a phosphorescent light when struck in the dark. Its composition is, 59 carbonate of lime, 40 carbonate of magnesia.

SULPHATE OF LIME.—This occurs crystallized in beds of clay under the name of selenite: fibrous, compact and pulverulent, under the name of gypsum. Its composition is, lime 32·7, sulphuric acid 46·3, water 21. There are the *Fibrous Gypsum* and the *Compact Gypsum* or *Alabaster*.

BITUMEN.—There are three varieties of bitumen, earthy bitumen, or mineral tar; elastic bitumen, or mineral caoutchouc; compact bitumen, mineral pitch or asphaltum. It occurs solid or liquid in some limestones, and in organic remains and ruins; also in beds of coal. It is composed chiefly of bituminous oil, hydrogen and charcoal.

OXIDE OF IRON.—This occurs crystalline in lava, syenite and hypersthene rocks. It is composed of iron and oxygen, and its chemical name is the peroxide of iron.

SULPHURET OF IRON, OR IRON PYRITES.—This is found disseminated through clay slates, primary limestones and shales. Its specific gravity is 4·8: composition, iron 47·85, sulphur 52·15.

SCHORL.—The colour of this mineral is black, and brownish-black. It is of glistening lustre, and opaque: specific gravity 3·2: composition, silica 38, alumina 34, magnesia 1, potassa 6, oxide of iron 21. Tourmaline is a finer variety, used in jewelry, of different colours, white, green, yellow, blue, and black.

CHIASTOLITE is a composition of silica and alumina.

GARNET.—Garnets occur in granite, gneiss, mica schist, clay slate, primary limestone, &c. It is yellowish, greenish or blackish-brown. Its composition is silica 43, alumina 16, lime 20, oxide of iron 16.

Thus we have passed through with the simple minerals. It will be observed that they are all composed of a few substances in different proportions. These are *silica*, *alumina*, *magnesia*, *lime*, *protoxide of iron*, *sulphur*, *sulphuric acid*, and *carbonic acid*. But two of these require any notice.

Alumina is the earth of alum, argil or clay. It gives to mortar its plasticity. In its pure and crystalline form, it constitutes sapphire, one of the most valuable gems. In its common state aluminous earth is a soft white powder. It consists of aluminum 52·94, and oxygen 47·06. Aluminum is with difficulty obtained.

Manganese is a black metal with a specific gravity of about 8. It is gray, hard, brittle and difficult of fusion. The black oxide of manganese is valuable as a source of oxygen.

Oxygen is a simple gaseous substance, entering largely into the composition of the air and water, and without which there would be no fire, no animal life or vegetation.

Few substances compose every thing we see around us in such endless variety. The least difference in the proportions in which they constitute different compound bodies, totally changes appearances and qualities. A little diminution in the quantity of one element which composes a deadly poison, would render it wholesome. The same elements compose sugar and starch, and the difference of proportions is slight. But we have not space, neither is this the place to speak of the wonderful developments of Chemistry, which is a handmaid to Geology.

THE STRATA.

Geology is the ancient natural history of the earth, and of the changes which have taken place in the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature. This history is learned from the appearance and nature of the rocks which compose the earth's crust. About ten miles in depth of this crust is subject to human investigation, and from its character is determined the condition of what lies below. Perhaps the inquiry will here be made,

How is the structure of the earth laid open?—The unscientific observer, doubtless indulges the popular notion, that the earth is a heterogeneous mass of sand, clay, gravel and rocks, without any regularity of arrangement. He might travel the earth over and not correct his error. But the researches of geologists have told us differently, and excited our wonder and admiration by giving to the dumb rocks a speech and consequence. They show us that order is the first law of nature, in the construction of the globe, as well as in other departments of the universe. They look below the surface and observe, even in digging a well, that the sand, clay and gravel are deposited in layers, one above another, in order, each distinct and separate from the other. In the mines they go still deeper, and observe the same regularity in the structure of the solid rocks. But man is unable, by any effort of his own, to penetrate the earth to any great depth,—not more than one mile, or the eight-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth. The convulsions which the

earth's crust has undergone, have so thrown up the rocky strata as to permit their examination for a depth of several miles. We stand almost appalled at the contemplation of those internal forces which are able to burst open miles of solid rock, and throw it up in mountain masses, as the plaything of their sport! The evidence of the tremendous power of these forces is scattered all over the earth, where mountains, cliffs, glens and caves are seen. The manner in which the rocks are exposed to view can be seen from the cut on p. 55, in which various strata or layers of rock are represented. Their position was at first horizontal, when the deepest shaft would probably penetrate only one or two strata. But the mass being broken by a force acting from below, the whole superincumbent mass was tipped up as one would turn a cubic block on its edge, thus enabling us to travel over and measure the broken extremities of the strata, which measurement would be the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle, the perpendicular of which would be the depth of the strata before thrown up.

These researches show a remarkable identity in all the older, non-fossiliferous rocks of the most distant regions. The order in which the fossiliferous strata occur, however, is not so uniform; as, in our country the position occupied by limestone, may, in another region, be occupied by calcareous sandstone, or in another by shale, or in a fourth by silicious rock; but their identity is readily determined by its organic remains. It is well to observe here, that the loose, irregular covering of sand and gravel, which is spread over most of the earth's surface, is disregarded in geological maps and sections.

CLASSIFICATION OF ROCKS.

These rocks do not lie scattered in confusion and disorder as those who pay little or no attention to them may suppose. On the contrary, they are arranged in order as is every department of nature. If we examine the banks of the Ohio, we cannot fail to observe that the different layers of rocks are characterised with a regularity almost equal to works of masonry. We find one rock of a certain thickness, another kind of a different thickness lying above it, and still a third above the second—all obeying the strictest laws of order. This arrangement and order prevails throughout most of the country. In New England, however, the rocks are differently characterised. There, we observe nothing like the layers which elsewhere generally prevail, but the rocks have a totally distinct character. This difference has given rise to the terms, *stratified* and *unstratified*. On looking at these rocks again, we find those of New England to be crystalline in appearance—that is, abounding with minute crystals, while the rocks

elsewhere are generally free from these, and appear to have been formed of particles of denuded rock, deposited at the bottom of the water as sediment. Hence, a second division into *sedimentary* and *crystalline*.

Again, the rocks of New England, as well as all similar rocks, wherever found, give abundant evidence of igneous origin—that is, produced by the action of fire, while the others to which we have referred, give incontrovertible proof of an aqueous origin—that is, of being the product of deposition of small water-worn particles at the bottom of the seas, lakes and rivers, and hardened under pressure. Hence a third division into *aqueous* and *igneous* rocks.

The difference which marks the *unstratified* rocks of certain sections, has given rise to a division of them into *volcanic* and *plutonic*, the former term being derived from *Vulcan*, the god of fire, and the latter from *Pluto*, the god of the infernal regions. A portion of the unstratified rocks are also termed *metamorphic*, arising from the change of form they have undergone, from the agency of heat.

On examining the rocks again, we find that the unstratified, and the lower portion of the stratified rocks are destitute of organic remains or fossils,—while the rocks formed at a later date are characterised by multitudes of the petrified remains of plants and animals, imbedded in, and forming a part of them. Hence, another division into *fossiliferous* and *non-fossiliferous*.

The different formations every where obey the same laws of position and superposition; as blue limestone, cliff-limestone, slate, old red sandstone, carboniferous limestone, coal measures, &c. These universally observe the same arrangement—that is, the black slate is never found below the blue limestone, or the coal measures below the carboniferous limestone. One formation may be wanting at different points and leave the strata above lying on the one below. For instance, the coal is not found at certain places, and the strata above lies upon the one below.

There are tests by which we may always recognise a rock formation, wherever it may be found. There is but one test, however, which is always sure—and that is, the kind of fossils found imbedded therein. There are several remarkable epochs in the history of the rock formations. Each epoch is characterised by fossils peculiar to itself. By studying the nature of the organic remains we can always identify any rock we meet. The three epochs referred to are the *Palæozoic*, *Mesozoic* and *Cainozoic*, counting from below. The fossils of the palæozoic are not found in the mesozoic; neither are those of the mesozoic found to any great extent in the cainozoic. The palæozoic embraces the lower fossiliferous rocks, and are distinguished by the lowest species of sea-weeds, and the simplest forms of animals, the moluscus and a

few species of crustacea. The mesozoic are distinguished by rank vegetation, numerous reptiles, as the saurians and a variety of fishes. The cainozoic are distinguished by the remains of mammalia of wonderful size, and by animals and vegetation which now exist.

This cut represents the rocks, both stratified and unstratified, which compose the earth's crust. *A A* is the granitic or plutonic rocks, which underlie all others that have been investigated. Their appearance in the cut shows them to have been upheaved from their original bed, and elevated to the surface; in consequence of which the other rocky formations are exposed to view, by being thrown into an oblique position. Were they parallel, as they would be had no convulsions disturbed them, it is evident that few, if any of them could be examined by man.

Those seen at 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, are gneiss, mica slate, metamorphic limestone, chlorite slate, quartzite in small quantities and porphyry, pushed up through fissures or dikes from below, as seen in the transverse black lines, and constitute the metamorphic rocks; that is, those which have undergone a change through the agency of heat.

The strata 12, 11, 10, 9, are the cambrian or grauwacke, the lower silurian, upper silurian and the old red sandstone, which constitute the primary fossiliferous rocks.

The strata 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, are carboniferous or mountain limestone, coal measures, saliferous or new red sandstone; the oolite, wealden, greenstone, and chalk, together with the lias between the new red sandstone and the oolite, and not represented in the cut, and constitute the secondary formations.



The mass above 1, the chalk, represented by the white strip, is the tertiary, divided into eocene, miocene and pliocene.

All the fossiliferous rocks below 8 are the palaeozoic; all between 9 and the tertiary are mesozoic, and the tertiary, which are not so fully represented in the cut as they should be, are the cainozoic.

In order to distinguish the different formations of rocks, as to their relative age, they are divided into

Primary, Secondary and Tertiary.—The primary rocks are those which were first formed, and are the lowest of the stratified rocks. They are divided into two *systems*—the gneiss system, and the mica schist *systems*. The gneiss lies beneath the mica schist. Their subdivisions are as follows:

MICA SCHIST SYSTEM, includes mica slate, hornblende slate, crystalline limestone and quartz rock.

gneiss system includes gneiss, hornblende slate, crystalline limestone and quartz rock.

These are the lowest stratified rocks, and include all the non-fossiliferous. The unstratified rocks lie still below these, and are the following:

Granite,	Pitchstone Lava,
Syenite,	Basaltic Lava,
Greenstone,	Graystone Lava,
Hypersthene,	Obsidian,
Diallage,	Pumice,
Serpentine,	Claystone-Porphyry,
Basalt,	Clinkstone-Porphyry,
Claystone,	Felspar-Porphyry,
Clinkstone,	Pitchstone-Porphyry.
Compact Felspar,	

These rocks are of igneous origin. All the unstratified rocks consist of a few simple minerals, as

Quartz,	Chlorite,
Felspar,	Talc,
Augite,	Diallage,
Hornblende,	Serpentine,
Mica,	

variously combined. They never appear above the other strata except in dikes or veins protruding through them. Internal fires caused the openings, seams and small passages through which the melted mass below has been driven, and where it has cooled, forming dikes and veins.

Granite.—Granite is a compound crystalline rock. It is composed of quartz, mica, felspar and hornblende united in variable proportions; though all need not be present. The common

granite consists of quartz, felspar and mica, with occasionally the addition of hornblende. Sometimes this mineral prevails and mica is excluded—this converts the granite into a rock called *syenite*. By the prevalence of hornblende and felspar it passes into *greenstone*. If mica and quartz predominate it is *mica slate*, a non-fossiliferous, stratified rock. In colour, granite is of various hues,—red, white, black and gray,—the most common being white and dark-red. Hornblende is always black or dark-green; where this predominates the colour of the granite varies from dark-gray to black. The same is the case with mica when black. Granite is found in high and mountainous sections. It abounds in the New England states, and extends by a narrow neck through the western part of New Jersey and Maryland, and spreads over the whole country lying between the middle of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and the Allegheny range. On the north, it is found about Lake Superior, and in Upper and Lower Canada. It is also found in Missouri, and, doubtless, prevails in the Rocky Mountains and Oregon. Granite is universally admitted to be of igneous origin. The proof is, that it graduates through the trap rocks, which cannot be distinguished from these rocks we see poured forth from modern volcanoes; and the effects produced by granite and the trap rocks on the sedimentary strata, with which they come in contact, are precisely the same as those produced under similar circumstances by volcanic rocks. Beds of lava are traversed by dikes and veins of more recent lava,—in the same manner is granite traversed by dikes and veins of granite, more recent than itself. The difference in the appearance of granite and lava arises from the manner of cooling—the former cooled slowly and the latter suddenly. The experiments of Mr. Gregory Watt and Sir James Hull with melted basalt prove this.

Syenite and Greenstone are mentioned above.

Hypersthene Rock is compact or crystallized, felspar of a white or red colour, and occurs in dikes and uplifted masses associated with granite.

Serpentine and Diallage Rock.—Serpentine is a simple mineral more or less mixed with diallage. Diallage rock consists of diallage and compact felspar. Both these occur blended with greenstone, into which they gradually pass.

Basalt.—This rock consists of a dense compact mass of hornblende or augite, in which crystals of felspar are visible, and which contain titaniferous iron. It is of igneous origin. Basalt is generally of columnar structure, which arises from the pressure of numerous spheroids on each other during the process of cooling. Mr. Watt fused seven hundredweight of fine grained amorphous basalt, maintaining the fire for six hours, and allowing it to cool during eight days. The mass was four feet and a half long, two

feet and a half wide, eighteen inches thick at one end and four at the other,—an irregularity of form favourable to the exhibition of the different kinds of structure arising from different rates of cooling. Where the mass was thin it was vitreous; where, owing to thickness, it had been more gradual, it was stoney; and there were parts exhibiting the transition from one state to another. Numerous spheroids, sometimes two inches in diameter, had been formed where circumstances favoured such an arrangement. In other parts, where the temperature had been kept up, the centre of the spheroids became compact before they attained a diameter of half an inch. Where two of these spheroids came in contact, they did not penetrate each other, but were mutually compressed and separated by a well defined plane, invested with a rusty coating. Where several met they formed prisms. Some basalts are vesicular, and contain small hollows caused by bubbles of gas or vapour while the rock was in a state of fusion. These cavities have often been filled by infiltration with nodules of carbonate of lime, agate, zeolite, and other minerals. These nodules being of an elongated, almond shape, the basalts containing them have been termed amigdaloydal, meaning almond-shaped. The experiment of Mr. Watt, and the appearance of basalts, prove them to have been of the same origin as lava.

Porphyry.—This term is applied to any rock having a compact base, in which distinct crystals are embedded. The base is generally felspar, or its allied rocks clinkstone and claystone. The embedded crystals are either quartz or felspar. Porphyry is called from its base,—as claystone-porphyry, clinkstone-porphyry and pitchstone-porphyry. These porphyrys pass into simple rocks by gradual diminution of their crystals. Felspar-porphyry is found in abundance near Boston, and through the New England states, and on the mountains. When polished it is one of the most elegant and enduring rocks. It is polished with so great difficulty that great wealth is required to bring it into use for ornaments. The same is the case with syenite and greenstone porphyrys. In richness and variety of colours the serpentine rock exceeds all others. It is found in the Hoosac mountain range in Massachusetts. Pitchstone is a glassy felspathic rock, having a great resemblance to pitch. Many of these rocks are called, also, *trap* rocks.

VOLCANIC ROCKS.

These are the products of volcanoes. The lavas are classed as follows:

Simple Trachyte.—Compact felspar with crystals of vitreous felspar.

Compound Trachyte, with mica, hornblende or augite, and grains of titaniferous iron.

Quartziferous Trachyte, with crystals of quartz.

Silicious Trachyte, when silicious earth appears to enter largely into its composition.

Common Graystone.—Felspar, augite, hornblende and iron.

Syenitic Graystone.—Syenite supplies the place of felspar.

Common Basalt.—Felspar, augite and iron.

Syenitic Basalt.—Syenite replaces felspar.

Olivine Basalt.—Olivine replaces felspar.

Hauyne Basalt.—Hauyne replaces felspar.

Ferruginous Basalt.—Iron is predominant.

Augitic Basalt.—Mostly composed of augite.

The variety of simple minerals contained in lavas is very great. From Vesuvius alone, more than a hundred are obtained; two only, however, are in sufficient quantities to be deemed constituents of the rock,—felspar and augite.

Obsidian is a vitreous lava, being the result of rapid cooling, leaving a black colour in mass, but translucent in their fragments.

Pumice is a light, spongy lava, of a white colour, produced by the access of gases or steam, to lava in a state of fusion. It may be called the froth of lava.

We now return to the primary non-fossiliferous stratified rocks lying immediately above the unstratified, a synopsis of which is given above.

Gneiss, which overlies the granite, may be called slaty granite, for it is composed of the same materials. The distinctive character of gneiss consists in some of its components, generally the mica and hornblende, being arranged in layers parallel to the stratification, so as to impart to the rock a foliated or laminated appearance, or to give it a schistose character. The stratification of the gneiss is irregular and contorted. In some countries gneiss is the most abundant of the primary strata, occurring in large masses, occupying extensive districts, and forming lofty mountains without any other alternating rock. Quarries of gneiss are now more numerous in Massachusetts than those of granite. In the Maumee valley, boulders of granite, gneiss, hornblende and syenite are found. These boulders are massy rocks brought down on icebergs from the north,—at least, such is a reasonable supposition from the evidence.

Mica Schist and *Chlorite Schist* are composed of the rock whose name they respectively bear, united with quartz, possessing the distinctive characters of each.

Talcose Schist and *Hornblende Schist* are composed of talc, hornblende and felspar.

Quartz Rock.—This is a stratified rock, the beds of which are often associated with those of gneiss and mica schist. It is divi-

ded by natural joints, which cause it to break into rhomboidal or rectangular fragments. Its colour, when pure, is white.

Argillaceous Schist is composed of indurated clay with quartz and mica.

Crystalline, or Primary Limestone.—Calcarous or lime rocks are very rare in the primary strata, but abundant in the secondary rocks above. This is a simple rock, generally white. It is found in irregular beds alternating with all the members of the primary strata. The purest and whitest varieties are sometimes termed saccharine, from its resemblance to sugar, and is much prized as statuary marble. The primary strata are divided into the gneiss and mica schist systems, from the far greater abundance of gneiss and mica slate.

We come now to the *LOWER SECONDARY* *fossiliferous* strata. The secondary rocks lie immediately above the primary, and are divided into upper and lower secondary,—these again into several *systems*, which we will proceed to consider in order as they succeed each other from below. And first the

CAMBRIAN SYSTEM.

10,000 feet thick. *Upper Cambrian.*—Slates and sandstones, Bala and Coniston limestone.

Lower Cambrian.—Slates and sandstones.

Immediately above the primary non-fossiliferous rocks there is a series of formations, distinguished by peculiar lithological and zoological characteristics, long known as the transition and grauwacke, but which Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison have more scientifically denominated the *Lower* and *Upper Cambrian* formations. These rocks are found in Great Britain, Norway, Brittany, and in the Eastern parts of Massachusetts, and in the Allegheny mountains. In mineral character this system is chiefly argillaceous, consisting of slate of various shades of black, lead-blue, green and purple. The coarse-grained varieties pass into sandstone, conglomerate and grauwacke. This last is a rock having an argillaceous base, in which are embedded fragments of quartz, felspar, mica, jasper, and flinty slate. These rocks are accompanied by a dark, concretionary limestone, as at Bala in Wales, and Coniston in Westmoreland, England; also, in New England. The cleavage of this system is slaty,—by which is meant that fissility and tending to division by symmetrical joints, which renders them important as roofing slates. This cleavage is the result of a more general action of heat on sedimentary rocks, overcoming the original lamination of the deposit, and causing the particles to arrange themselves in a new position. The rocks of the cambrian system afford the first undoubted traces of organic remains. They are but few, however,

amidst a great thickness of sedimentary rock. During the formation of these rocks the first and lowest species of animals existed. Not more than fifty species of zoophytes and moluscs are found imbedded in these formations.

SILURIAN SYSTEM.

7,500 feet thick. *Ludlow Formation*.—Upper Ludlow rock, Aymestry limestone and Lower Ludlow rock.

Wenlock Formation.—Wenlock limestone and Wenlock slate.

Caradoc Formation.—Caradoc flags and Caradoc sandstones.

Llandeilo Formation.—Llandeilo flags.

The organic remains of the Cambrian and Silurian systems have not, as yet, been very clearly distinguished. Some of them differ specifically, and a few are generally distinct. Those of the silurian are distinguished, not so much by a change of type as by greater developments as to species and individuals already existing. The rocks of the two systems are, therefore, regarded as having been formed under similar conditions. The Cambrian rocks were deposited in an ocean destitute of any neighbouring land.

From the abundance of porphyry and greenstone, alternating with the sedimentary deposits, and passing into them, volcanic ejections appear to have been frequent during this era, spreading sheets of lava over the floor of the ocean. Dikes of porphyry, syenite and greenstone have penetrated through the slate, forming overlying masses; and, besides this local igneous action, the whole body of these rocks appears to have been subject to a more general heating process, to which their subcristalline character and slaty cleavage are attributable.

This series of rocks has been ably investigated on the Welsh border, where they are most distinctly marked. They consist of a succession of argillaceous, arenaceous and calcareous deposits, which differ from the Cambrian by being less affected by joints and slaty cleavage, and by partaking more of the character of ordinary sandstones. The calcareous beds are concretionary and subcristalline, less earthy than the more modern limestones, and less crystalline than those of the gneiss and mica slate systems. The fossils are more numerous and diversified than those of the preceding system. The rocks are named from Ludlow, Wenlock, Caradoc, and Llandeilo, the places where their characters are best exhibited.

The marine remains of the Silurian strata are distinct from those of the Carboniferous system above. Their analogy to those of the Cambrian render it probable, that the two systems were deposited under similar physical conditions, except that the deposition of the Silurian took place at a period more favourable to

the support of animal life. The internal heat of the globe is supposed to have been less.

The *Lower Silurian* rocks are the blue limestones of Cincinnati, Nashville, a narrow strip extending northeast and southwest in the Allegheny range from Massachusetts to Alabama, in the south part of Canada, and in Iowa.

To the *Upper Silurian* belong the rocks of northern and central Ohio, northern Indiana, north half of Arkansas, a part of Missouri, extending up the Mississippi into Iowa and Wisconsin. They are found in Great Britain, Sweden, Brittany and on the Bosphorus.

CARBONIFEROUS SYSTEM.

Coal Formation; 3,000 feet.—Coal measures.

Carboniferous Limestone Formation; 2,400 feet.—Millstone grit, great shale and great scar limestone.

Old Red; 300 to 10,000 feet.—Old red sandstone.

The Carboniferous system comes next in the ascending order, and is one of the most interesting groups both in economical importance and the abundance of organic remains. It discloses curious views in regard to the changes in the physical condition of the earth's crust.

This system is of great thickness, extending to about 7,000 feet, exclusive of the old red sandstone, and exhibiting, throughout, a slow and successive deposit. A vast period of time must have been occupied in its formation. These matters will, however, be considered in a subsequent article.

The old red sandstone is unconformable to the slates of the Silurian system, but conformable to the carboniferous limestone, and is, therefore, regarded as the lowest member of the latter system. It is the connecting link between the two systems.

Arenaceous, argillaceous and calcareous rocks form the mass of this series. They may be classed as follows:

1. *Old Red Sandstone*, consisting of arenaceous deposits, alternating with shales and limestones. Thickness from 300 to 10,000 feet. Organic remains are plants, shells and fishes.

2. *The Carboniferous Limestone*.—The limestone alternates with coal, sandstone and shale, and sometimes beds of ironstone. Fossils wholly marine. Thickness 900 to 2,400 feet.

3. *The Coal Formation*, composed of numerous alternations of coal, sandstone and shale.

The most common form of the old red sandstone is that of a coarse-grained, micaceous sandstone, composed of abraded fragments of quartz, mica and felspar, and containing fragments of clay slate, flinty slate, &c. It sometimes passes into quartzose conglomerate, and, on the other hand, in low regions, it becomes

a fine-grained schistose, micaceous sandstone, divisible in flags and coarse roofing slates. Sometimes the old red sandstone is absent, and the coal measures above, rest on the silurian rocks.

The Carboniferous formation is most distinctly marked in Great Britain. It is also found in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is subdivided into carboniferous limestone, limestone shale and millstone grit. The limestone graduates upward into the coal formation, and downward into the old red sandstone.

The coal formation, or the upper part of the carboniferous system, consists of alternations of argillaceous and arenaceous strata, with many beds of coal and some ironstone. The coal being composed principally of carbon, gives evidence of the accumulation of vegetable products on the earth. Coal is distinguished into three kinds, according to the bitumen contained in it:

1. *Caking Coal* contains about forty per cent. of bitumen. It swells in burning and emits much smoke.

2. *Cannel or Parrot Coal* contains twenty per cent. of bitumen, inflames rapidly, and decrepitates in burning.

3. *Stone Coal*, culm, or anthracite, is composed almost entirely of carbon and earthy matter, with scarcely any bitumen. It burns with little or no flame and does not agglutinate.

Coal measures are extensively developed in the United States in the eastern part of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, and in the western part of Pennsylvania and Virginia, in the southwestern part of Indiana, and over the most of Illinois, and in the central half of Michigan.

The old red sandstone occupies a large part of New York, extending by a narrow strip around the western side of the coal of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and surrounds the coal of Michigan, and with it embraces the whole state. Much more will be said of this system in an article on paleontology.

We now come to the *Newer Secondary* strata. And first, the

POIKILITIC SYSTEM.

New Red Sandstone Formation; 900 feet thick.

Magnesian Limestone Formation; 300 feet thick.

The word poikilitic is derived from a Greek word signifying "variegated," from the mottled colour of some of its marls and sandstones. This, or the new red sandstone system, is a great mass of arenaceous and argillaceous deposits interposed between the coal measures and the lias, the colour of which is red, variegated with blue, yellowish green, white and buff, yielding gypsum and rock salt more abundantly than most other rocks, poor in organic remains, but containing two calcareous formations, in

which they are more abundant. It is also characterised by the presence of magnesia in considerable quantities.

The red sandstone formation is 600 feet thick, and consists of variegated marls and variegated sandstones.

The magnesian formation is from 200 to 300 feet thick, and consists of laminated limestones, gypseous limestone, magnesian limestone, marl slate and the lower red sandstone. Much more will be said of this system, also, when we speak of organic remains. This system is but partially developed in the United States. A narrow strip of it is found between Trenton, New Jersey, and Hudson, New York, and in the central part of Connecticut and Massachusetts. It is found in Germany and Great Britain. The first of the **UPPER SECONDARY** strata is the

OOLITIC SYSTEM.

Wealden ; 900 feet.—**Upper Oolite** ; 400 feet.—**Middle Oolite** ; 450 feet.—**Lower Oolite** ; 400 feet.—**Lias** ; 1,000 feet.

This term is derived from the egg-like shape of the globular particles which compose its limestones. The Greek word is "oon," meaning egg.

This system is rich in organic remains, and its subdivisions are better characterised by peculiar species than the rocks of any other part of the fossiliferous series. The distant but contemporaneous groups of strata contain remains of plants and animals peculiar to themselves, from which it is determined that each stratum once constituted the bed of the sea. We will give a table of this system as it occurs in England. It is not found in the United States, unless in Pennsylvania, concerning which there is a doubt.

WEALDEN FORMATION.—Weald clays, Hasting's sand and Purbeck beds.

UPPER OOLITE.—Portland oolite and Kimmeridge clay.

MIDDLE OOLITE.—Upper calcareous grit, Coralline oolite, lower calcareous grit, Oxford clay and Killoway's rock.

LOWER OOLITE.—Cornbrash, forest marble, Bedford clay, great oolite, fullers' earth beds, inferior oolite and sands.

LIAS.—Upper lias shales, marlstone rocks, middle lias shales, lias limestones and lower lias clay.

The prevailing characteristic of the lias is argillaceous, with strata of argillaceous limestone separated by narrow partings of dark clay. The limestone is generally blue, but sometimes white. The lower oolite is a complicated and varying group of oolitic, shelly and arenaceous limestones, flaggy and concretionary sandstones and clays containing fuller's earth. The middle oolite consists of a dark-blue coloured argillaceous clay, and beds of

calcareous sand. The Wealden formation is a fresh-water, or estuary deposit. The Wealden clay is tenaceous blue clay with subordinate beds of sandstone and shelly limestone.

We come now to the last system of Upper Secondary strata, viz: the

CRETACEOUS SYSTEM.

Chalk Formation; 600 feet thick.—*Green Sand Formation*; 500 feet thick.

Above the wealden formation of the oolitic system lies the chalk or cretaceous system. The wealden rocks are of great thickness, and are formed in water of little depth, which is proved by the repeated occurrence, at various levels, of a ruffled surface like that observed on sand banks between high-water and low-water marks. These rocks pass into the cretaceous system, which contain a different suite of fossils, representing a long zoological period.

The term cretaceous is derived from the latin word *creta*, signifying the well known substance, white chalk, a nearly pure carbonate of lime. This system is developed in New Jersey, and traced through Florida to Arkansas, Alabama and Missouri. Its subdivisions are:

CHALK FORMATION.—Upper chalk, lower chalk and chalk marl.

GREEN SAND FORMATION.—Upper green sand, gault and lower green sand.

The remains of this system are of exceeding interest as indicating a near approach to the present condition of the earth. This will be considered in a subsequent article.

TERTIARY SYSTEM.

2,000 feet thick. *Newer Pliocene, Older Pliocene, Miocene, Eocene.*

The tertiary strata are distinguished from the secondary, by being less consolidated, consisting, for the most part, of beds of gravel, clay, and incoherent sand, or friable sandstone: but this character is not constant, for some limestones are as solid as any of the secondary rocks. The difference in the organic remains is still more decided. No species of shell is known common to the cretaceous group and the oldest members of the tertiary class. There is a difference also in the circumstances under which the strata of these systems were formed. From the secondary strata occurring in large sheets of rock continuous over extensive districts, it would appear, that while they were deposited, a great ocean prevailed over most of the northern hemisphere; but the

tertiary strata were formed after the European seas had become divided into gulfs, lagoons and estuaries, of limited extent, but frequently of great depth. There is evidence that, during this period, the land was elevated and submerged more than once. These strata include all the upper portion of the earth's crust, and were formed by deposition from water, of fine particles of worn away rock, transported as detritus by currents.

The terms Pliocene, Miocene, and Eocene, signify most modern, less modern, and the dawn; or, more properly, the majority, the minority, and the dawn; that is, the number of existing species fossilized in the Eocene are few, in the Miocene more, and in the Pliocene most.

The total number of known shells in the tertiary strata are 3,036: of these 90 to 95 per cent. are in the Pliocene, 35 to 50 in the Older Pliocene, 18 in the Miocene, and 3½ to 5 in the Eocene.

Eocene.—The strata of this epoch, afford some of the most interesting phenomena of geology. They tell us how differently the land and water were divided during their deposition, from the present; they furnish us with plants and animals more nearly resembling those that now exist; they give us a clear idea of the great plan of physical mechanism by which the earth was rolled up into its present shape; and by the time that must have been occupied in their formation, they furnish us proofs of the long lapse of ages employed in bringing the earth to its present condition. The Eocene strata are wonderfully developed in the celebrated Paris basin. Here the beds containing marine remains alternate with those containing fresh-water shells, and occur in the following order:

1. *First Fresh-water Formation.*—Plastic clay, lignite, first sandstone.
2. *First Marine Formation.*—Calcaire grossier.
3. *Second Fresh-water Formation.*—Silicious limestone, gypsum with bones, fresh-water marls.
4. *Second Marine Formation.*—Gypseous marine marls, upper marine sands, sandstones.
5. *Third Fresh-water Formation.*—Upper fresh-water marls and limestones.

What wonderful changes must have taken place during these depositions to produce such an alternation of fresh-water and marine formations!

The deposits of the Paris basin fill a depression in the chalk about one hundred and eighty miles long, extending from northeast to southwest, and about ninety miles broad in its widest part. The depression appears to have been a gulf running deeply into the land, and opening towards the north into the sea, which at

that epoch, must have extended over a considerable portion of the north of Europe. In this basin, Cuvier and Brogniart discovered nearly fifty extinct species of mammalia, mostly belonging to extinct genera of the order Pachydermata, which received the names of *palaeotherium*, *anaplattherium*, *laphiodon*, *anthracotherium*, *cheropotamus*, and *adapis*. These approach the character of the tapirs inhabiting the warm marshy regions of South America and Africa; but they also resemble in some points the rhinoceros, *hippopotamus*, hog and horse. But in a subsequent article we shall describe the organic remains of the rocks.

The lacustrine strata of the south of France resemble those of the basin, both in mineral composition and organic remains. The coarse detrital matter is confined to the margins of the lakes; the finer, that is, the silicious and calcareous marls, occupy the central parts of the basin, having the limestone, gypsum and silicious rocks, subordinate to them, and generally confined to the upper part. This fact indicates thermal springs as the source of the calcareous, silicious and gypseous strata, for these deposits are precipitated most abundantly where volcanic forces are in activity, and those around lakes are connected by a system of extinct volcanoes which had not come into action when the basin began to fill, because the gravel contains no pebbles of lava, and because in the districts of *Cantal* and *Velay* no traces of volcanic tuffs are found alternating with the fresh-water strata.

These lacustrine deposits afford proofs of their slow and gradual accumulation, and of the myriads of insects and molluscs which have contributed their exuvia to the formation of rocks. The white marls of *Auvergne*, are, in some places, seven hundred feet thick. They are thinly laminated, their lamination being caused by numerous plates or scales, of a small fresh-water crustacean, called *cypris*; some of the recent species of which abound in our stagnant pools and ditches. There is a form of limestone, also, called *indusal*, from its containing immense numbers of the *indusæ*, or cases of the larvæ of insects, the living species of which are found in our ponds.

The English equivalents of the strata of the *Paris* basin, are the *London* clay, the *Bagshot* sands and the fresh-water formation of the *Isle of Wight*. These strata of England are also conformable with the chalk.

The eocene formations are found in the United States, along the western side of the *Dismal Swamp*, in *Virginia*, in *North Carolina*, *Georgia* and *Alabama*.

MIOCENE.—These deposits are more recent than the eocene, and contain more fossils of living species. They are developed on the *Loire*, in *Bordeaux*, *Vienna*, &c.; and in *Delaware*, *Maryland*, *Virginia* and *North Carolina* of the United States. In

the vicinity of Vienna, Austria, the successive deposits are in the following order in a descending series:

1. Alluvial loam, called Lass, with terrestrial shells of existing species, mixed with bones of extinct elephants; thickness	60 feet.
2. Gravel and sand, with calcareous masses, sometimes oolitic, containing the bones of the mastodon, anthracotherium, tapir, &c.	70
3. Fresh-water limestone, only in particles containing planorbis and helices,	140
4. Great white coralline limestone, containing large pectens and echini, also, bones of the tapir, mastodon, stag, and other mammalia,	150
5. Coarse calcareous conglomerate brecciae, and calcareous grit, forming the base of the white coralline limestone of Leitha Gebirge,	200
6. Superior blue marl with a profusion of shells,	40
7. Yellow sand, with calcareous grit and many fossils. Cerithium pictum, and two or three species of ostrea abound in it,	120
8. Inferior blue marl, only known by borings and partial excavations; fossils, therefore, little known,	300
9. White sands, &c., reached only by boring; thickness, therefore, entirely unknown.	
	1080

PLIOCENE, Older and Newer.—These form the upper part of the tertiary strata, and is extensively developed in southern and southeastern sections of the Union, through Florida, and for about one hundred and fifty miles round the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Atlantic coast as far north as Long Island, inclusive. It also extends along the Arkansas and Red rivers. To the older pliocene belong the English clay, the subapennine sands and marls of Tuscany and northern Italy, the tertiary strata in the eastern extremity of the Pyrenees, in the south of France, and at Malaga and Grenada in Spain, &c.

To the epoch of the newer pliocene belong the limestones, sandstones and marls, alternating with volcanic beds in the Val di Noto, in the southern extremity of Sicily, from one to two thousand feet above the level of the sea. They contain shells, nearly the whole of which belong to existing species in the Mediterranean; and there is decisive evidence that the alternating lavas have resulted from numerous submarine eruptions, repeated at successive intervals during the formation of the subaqueous strata,

which constitute, with the igneous beds, a mass of two thousand feet thick.

We have now travelled up from below to the surface, at which there is commonly a layer of vegetable mould, derived partly from decayed plants, and partly caused by the casting of earth-worms, which are continually sifting the finer from the coarse soil. This, with a mixture of pulverised mineral matter constitute the productive portion of the earth, that ministers to the wants of the myriads of animated beings that inhabit the globe.



This figure gives a more striking idea of the earth's crust, and of its upheaval by internal convulsions. It is a segment of the earth, north of latitude 42° . The mountains are seen at the figures, begining at 1 for the Rocky Mountains; 2 for the mountains of New England; 3 for those of England; 4 for the Alps and Pyrenees; 5 Caucasus; and 6 for Himalay, the loftiest mountains on the earth. To understand the cut we must imagine the earth at first quiescent, and the rocky strata deposited in layers around, giving it much the appearance of an onion divided through the centre. Subsequently, by tremendous forces,

they were burst assunder, and lifted up into mountains ; the lowest known rocks thereby made the highest. If the lowest rocks were ten miles below the surface before being disturbed, it follows that they have been pushed up through the superincumbent mass, and raised the distance of fifteen miles, to reach the top of the Himalay Mountains. The earth is, in round numbers, eight thousand miles in diameter ; ten miles all round making twenty miles of the diameter, is only one-four-hundredth of the whole ; consequently the proportional thickness of the crust here represented, is many times too great ; but was made so in order to more fully meet the intended illustrations. The interior is probably in a state of fusion, the reasons for which supposition will be given in a subsequent article on the causes of the marvelous changes which have transpired on the earth. This cut will be referred to hereafter.

The matter embraced in this article is the dryest portion of the science. The next article will be one of great interest.

Nothing is claimed as original in this article, or will be in those that may follow, except in the arrangement and plan of treating, so as to convey the largest amount of information in the shortest space and most interesting manner.

OUR SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

BY H. A. KIDD, ESQ.

SINCE the achievement of our independence, America has advanced more rapidly to prosperity and power than any nation of people of which history furnishes us information. Within half a century our population exhibits the astonishing increase of upwards of thirteen millions. This may be attributed partly to the inviting character of our climate and soil, and the numberless natural advantages which the country affords ; but it is to be attributed chiefly, no doubt, to our wise system of government, our humane laws, and to the energy and enterprise of the people themselves.

In no government that exists, or that has ever existed, has there been, in its constitutional provisions, such a regard for the natural and inalienable rights of man ; and inasmuch as no nation of people have prospered as ours, it may be fairly argued, that no government has been framed upon principles so well adapted to

that development of the energies of a people which results in the greatest amount of social and political happiness.

Here we have no regal prerogatives, no ducal privileges, no baronial dignities ; but our constitution, framed by the wise and patriotic Fathers of the Revolution, and subscribed to by the great and virtuous WASHINGTON, provides for equal liberty to all ;—not the licentious liberty of the Roman empire in its decline, nor the unrestrained liberty of the Arabic and Indian tribes of the present day, but a liberty regulated by law, and just sufficiently restrained to answer the purposes of benificent government.

Unlike the monarchies of Europe, here we enjoy that distinguishing attribute of freedom—the untrammelled expression of opinion ; for ours is a government, the first, perhaps, the world has witnessed, built upon the immutable law of human nature—equal rights and privileges to all.

Both in a social and political point of view, there are no grades among our citizens. Whatever may be their individual circumstances, whatever may be their possessions, material or mental, they occupy the same general level. The dignified senator and the common labourer, ay, the president himself and the lowest of his eighteen millions of constituents, are, in the construction of our humane and equitable laws, compeers in all the privileges and immunities of men and citizens—each contributing, by his suffrages, his equal share in controlling the destinies of the nation, and each alike responsible to posterity for the manner in which he discharges his duty.

As a consequence of this general responsibility, our citizens are generally intelligent, to a certain extent, as will be found to be the case in every government controlled by the people themselves. Though there are many charges to which we may be obnoxious, it certainly cannot be said of us that, as a nation, we are stupid ; for, however much we may fall behind other countries in some respects, we can, in the common understanding of the people, justly claim to be far in advance of every other nation on the globe.

Nor has this general intelligence, in the affairs of government, been attended by the single consequence of general intelligence : it has superinduced a certain energetic, business-cast of thought, which, while it leads to the acquisition of wealth, and to the attainment of those solid comforts, and to some extent, of those refinements of taste, which are well adapted to the happiness of our people in their individual and social conditions, is at the same time, contributing more, perhaps, to the permanency of our institutions, than any other one cause.

History teaches us, by the numerous illustrations which it furnishes, that tyrannies, as a general rule, never contribute to the advancement of literary enterprises, or of moral truths ; for the

principles of a tyrannical government render necessary the imposition of restrictions upon thought, or the utterance of it, and the suppression of every thing which leads to the development of man's natural and legitimate spirit of freedom. There are no such restrictions imposed on us here. There is no wintry frigidity of tyranny here to blight the luxuriance of our mental or moral growth. So far from placing burthens upon the soaring spirit of freedom, or of suppressing the free developments of man's nature, our government, from its organic structure, provides especially for the unrestricted exercise of mind: and the man of genius here, though born in obscurity, and clothed in the habiliments of poverty, can as loudly proclaim the great lessons of truth and wisdom, educated by the toil of study in his obscurity, and as certainly command for them the admiration of the million, as he who has been born surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and fortune, and been bred in the lap of luxurious ease. This is a distinctive feature of our political system; and one, which, with the natural energy of our people—all other obstacles being cleared away by the prudent forecast of our statesmen—must carry us to a high and glorious destiny among the nations of the earth.

Thus much has been said generally. I now inquire have we been profited, to the fullest extent, by the advantages afforded by our peculiar frame of government? Do we, in our various relations—*social, political and educational*—observe the full development and exercise of those principles of action necessary to the highest enjoyment of civilized life? It is to be regretted that these questions cannot be answered affirmatively. To a certain extent we have been profited—resulting more as a necessary consequence from the inherent principles of our government than from any meritorious exertion on the part of our citizens themselves,—but beyond that we have not. It is true, that excellence in human institutions is rarely to be found in the infancy of a government, and can be attained only by patient, persevering effort. But it occurs to me that we have not done all that we might have done, and ought to have done, in carrying ourselves forward to that high distinction, as a nation and a people, to which, sooner or later, we are destined. It is to be feared that we have lost sight of the objects of our lofty mission, and have too far neglected to profit by the advantages so lavishly spread before us.

Have we, in our *social* relations, attained to those sentiments which should characterise an age of advanced civilization? Are we, as individuals, governed by those principles of virtue, morality and honour, that prepare us for refined social enjoyment, and that fit us to become useful citizens? Sorry am I that these things are not so; for it is only necessary to cast our eye over

the superficies of society, to discover a multitude of pernicious influences contaminating the sources of genuine feeling, misdirecting our aims, and restraining, if not destroying, the enjoyment which springs from a free, social intercommunication of our sentiments, of whatever nature.

This state of things is to be attributed, partly, to the utilitarian, self-aggrandizing spirit of the age; and, partly, no doubt, to the democratic, too democratic, tendency of our institutions in their effects upon individual conduct. I admire, and am an advocate of democracy, properly directed and restricted. So, also, do I admire a rich, fertile loam for a garden; but it is important, in the former, as in the latter case, that the noxious weeds produced by that very fertility should be carefully cut down, lest their poisonous influence extend to those whose growth is desired. The evils which spring from the democratic tendency of our institutions must be gotten rid of, or the numberless blessings springing from the same source, can never be realized to the fullest extent.

This utilitarian spirit, above alluded to, has, I fear, made us almost a nation of Shylocks—each seeking the substance of the other—all eager for the acquisition of lucre. Not all, perhaps; but there are few, very few, amongst us, who are not affected, more or less, by this sordid passion—a passion which, in all matters, makes us suspicious of our fellows, corrupts the fountains of pure affection, blunts the finer feelings of the soul, and destroys, inevitably, all social enjoyment.

In this general race for the acquisition of lucre, a few, by one means or other, are successful. Those few plume themselves upon the distinction which their possessions command for them; at the same time that they are, on account of that distinction, objects of envy and hate by their less fortunate competitors. Money is omnipotent; and the wonderful influence which the possessors of it are enabled to wield, together with the profound homage universally paid to it, has resulted, to a remarkable extent, in establishing an aristocracy of wealth—a tyranny not less arbitrary in its rule than that of the most despotic czar—trampling under foot all that is of real worth in mind and morals, not conformable to its unjust exactions.

No such distinctions in society are recognized in the fundamental principles of our government. But, on the contrary, it is one of its happiest features that places every member of the community upon the same general level—leaving individual superiority to be accorded upon the only true and just rule—superior knowledge and superior virtue.

Virtue without knowledge is little better than useless; whilst knowledge without virtue is dangerous in the extreme to the peace and harmony of society; for no principle is better estab-

lished, both by the theoretical teachings of philosophy and the practical illustrations of history, than that, in all the relations of life—socially as well as otherwise—transcendent genius and extensive information, uncontrolled and undirected by virtuous principle and a deep sense of moral accountability, are likely to be dangerous instead of useful to society. This brings me to the second point which I set out to consider.

In this country all are politicians. A majority of the people are so, to the extent only of forming correct opinions to guide them in the exercise of the right of suffrage; but a large proportion of them are politicians from very different considerations; with which considerations, it is feared, sentiments of patriotism have little to do. All *profess* to be patriots—such a profession is popular; and upon their popularity, they well know, depends their promotion. With them individual gain is the sole object of their endeavours; and, that accomplished, all else is despised or disregarded.

Of this class, there are to be found men of such ambitious designs, that they become desperadoes in politics; and, for the purpose of carrying out those designs, would be ready to join in measures to sever our Union, or to apply the torch to the altar of our liberties. To "rule or ruin," is their motto. Such men are dangerous members of society; and but for the conservative virtue which rests in the great body of the people, there is no telling what might be the disastrous consequences to the harmony of society, the integrity of the Union, and the permanency of our free institutions. But by the history of the past we are taught the important lesson, that public virtue may finally yield to public vice, when the latter is constantly presented in a fascinating garb, and uniformly sustained by the powers of eloquence.

There are others, who, not only profess to be, but really think themselves patriots; yet who are so lured by the spoils of office, or the glitter of fame, that, ignorantly or unconsciously, they hesitate not to do, in their public capacities, what might be, and oftentimes is, seriously detrimental to the public interests. Such persons—and there are many such, as the most superficial observer must have remarked—are little less dangerous and little more to be trusted than those who, to gain their ends, wilfully and recklessly, trample upon right, justice, law and the constitution.

Such persons—as of the two classes just designated—while they are the most dangerous enactors and administrators of law, are, at the same time, the very men who, in a democratic government, are most apt to succeed to high stations. "Republics," it is said, "are ungrateful,"—it is illustrated, as fully as otherwise, by the fact that, in republics, the intelligent and virtuous, who are ever modest and unpretending, but who are really the most capable of serving their country, are permitted to remain in the

obscurity of private life; whilst the ignorant or designing and corrupt, who are ever bold and arrogant, are chosen as the makers and executors of law. Within the last few years how many examples have we had to the contrary? How many illustrations in confirmation of it!

The developments of the times are exhibiting to us the importance of choosing our rulers upon different principles. Corruption in high places admonishes us of the necessity of rigidly excluding the corrupt and vicious from a participation in the affairs of state. The pure in heart and able in mind are such only as should take charge of and represent the interests of a great nation of freemen. Let them be ambitious, if it must be; but let their ambition be such as was that of the pure patriot and eminent statesman, **HAMILTON**, who, when charged with being ambitious, replied that he was; but that his whole ambition was to deserve well of his country. This is a noble sentiment; and one which should never be lost sight of by those who are chosen to public stations by the suffrages of the people. When this shall be the case, then, and not till then, shall we realize the blessings of a government in all respects wisely and virtuously conducted.

In recent years the fact has again and again forced itself upon the consideration of the country, that devoted patriotism, eminent ability and faithful public services no longer furnish any guaranty of success to office; for no sooner are men thus distinguished presented to the people for their suffrages, than at them are aimed the envenomed shafts of falsehood, calumny and detraction. Ah! how many a noble heart, whose every pulsation was for the good of the country, has writhed under the influence of this corrupting *virus*! How many a lofty genius, capable of the highest statesmanship, and which was, at the same time, the glory of the country and an ornament to humanity, has fallen before those deadly shafts! Such there have been in this country as in others. They have fallen, truly; but it is consolatory to know that

“They fell, devoted and undying.”

No monumental marble is necessary to perpetuate their memories; but their names shall ever be enshrined in the hearts of the pure, the just and patriotic, with those of Phocion, of Tully, of Sydney and of Hampden.

It has come to that, in this country, that it is the imperious duty of the public man, who aspires to honours and station, to imbue his mind thoroughly with the knowledge, and his heart with the principles of party intrigues and management; so that he can secure, by chicane and circumvention, that which he could not reach by fair and honourable means. Nor is moral depravity any barrier to success. If he should be

“Fit for —, stratagems and spoils;”

ay, and, perhaps, for treason, too ; or if he should be sufficiently obscure, from never having served his country ; or, if he should be distinguished at all, distinguished for his very insignificance, then is he a fit individual for the highest promotion.

This is a great, a very great error in the times ; and one which *must be* remedied. A high standard of morals is as necessary in politics as in our social organization ; and until our politicians, in their various capacities as public servants, rigidly conform to that standard, it were useless to expect that their efforts will be attended by any very stable or beneficent results.

I have thus alluded to some of the evils growing out of the present state of our social and political systems. How can these evils be corrected ? *By educating the minds of the people.* Let this but be attended to, fully and faithfully, and the object is accomplished. No corrector of abuses, whether in the body politic or in our social organization, is half so effective as the ameliorating influence of literature and science. It has been said, and truly, that " Learning ever has been, is now, and ever will be, the grand *conservative* principle of civilization, of truth, virtue, liberty, religion and good government." In no country have the minds of the people been imbued with a taste for literature and thorough scholarship, but that their feelings were liberalized, their moral sentiments elevated, and themselves better fitted for useful citizenship. No nation has ever reached an exalted state in the arts and sciences, in laws and morals, but was essentially a nation of learning.

If, then, a marked deficiency in social virtue and political morality—destructive alike of the objects of human happiness in each relation—is found to be the consequence of a want of learning among the people, is it not our imperious duty to employ the means necessary to attain this important end ? But what are those means ? Clearly the building up and sustaining institutions of learning. In this manner alone can the blessings of education be diffused throughout society. And to accomplish this, there must be a correspondence of action by government and people : our legislatures must liberally endow, and our citizens cordially patronize, these institutions. None of the states are so poor but that even a *modicum* of their means, appropriated to this wise and beneficent purpose, would, in a few years, develop itself in results alike honourable and useful. There are hundreds and thousands of our citizens, a tithe of whose ample means, directed into this channel, would procure the blessings of a liberal education to their own sons and daughters, and to those of a score of their indigent neighbours. But the public spirit, the generous and humane spirit, is wanting alike in the members of our legislatures and in our citizens. The spirit of *demagogueism* rules the former ; while the spirit of *money-making* rules the latter.

The former are studious of the arts, and earnest in the advocacy of measures best adapted to the sentiments and feelings of the "dear people," while the sentiments and feelings of the "dear people" are much more intent upon accumulating the goods of earth, than upon paying taxes, educating children, and enhancing the happiness of mankind. This, I deeply regret, is found to be generally true;—that there are many honourable exceptions I am proud to know. A different state of things must be brought about. The people must learn that their true interests consist, above all other things, in patronizing institutions of learning; and they must choose such legislators as will truly and faithfully represent those interests.

I speak not of the higher institutions only: the inferior class of academies and common schools are all important to be sustained for the diffusion among the people of the elements of practical education. In many of the states something has been done towards the establishment of a general school system; but in some of those states, to their own great discredit, no particular plan has been fairly tested by its operations before the plan itself was changed, or, perhaps, every effort, looking to the permanent establishment of any system, wholly abandoned; whilst, in other states, a system of common schools is attempted to be sustained in utter neglect of the higher institutions. The attempt fails, of course, in every instance; for it is made upon an erroneous principle. No system of inferior schools, however judiciously framed, can exist and prosper without the beneficial aid and fostering protection of the universities and colleges; for by the latter are furnished at least nine-tenths, if not the whole, of those who are really competent to become common school-masters, conformably to any elevated standard of education. And to this end—the supplying an adequate number of teachers for the poorer classes of society, whose limited means exclude them from the direct benefits of the higher institutions—it behooves the legislatures of our states, under the weightiest obligations of patriotism and humanity, so to endow our universities and colleges as to enable them to open their doors for the education of a limited number, at least, of the poor young men of genius within their borders. There are hundreds, nay thousands such, who, thus deriving the benefits of a thorough education, are prepared, in turn, to dispense those benefits among unnumbered others; and, perhaps, to become, in the progress of circumstances, in wider spheres of action, the chiefest among the benefactors of mankind.

The prejudices which exist in the community against colleges and universities are as unworthy as they are unjust. The over-scrupulous moralists and arrogant philanthropists, who contend that they are nurseries of vice, and the sources of no good, and,

as such, oppose their existence, thereby but expose their ignorance and narrow-sightedness. It is true, in all our colleges and universities may be found a few turbulent, idle and unworthy members,—ten out of every hundred, perhaps,—who would certainly be as idle and turbulent out of college as in college. On their account are the remaining ninety, moral, discreet and studious young men, to be deprived of the privilege of a collegiate education, and the numberless blessings flowing from it? As well might it be contended that the running of steamboats and railroad locomotives is a great evil, and ought to be abandoned, because great loss of life is occasionally the consequence of it. As reasonably might it be contended that our freedom is an evil because it was achieved through toil and blood. As sensibly might it be argued that the Christian religion is an evil because thousands have died martyrs in its defence.

On the contrary, institutions of learning—the college and the university—have, in all ages of the civilized world, been the houses of freedom,—the nurseries of human rights,—and in no country, or age, has that freedom been defended, or those rights advocated with so much ardour and efficiency as by the learned. So was it in Greece, when Demosthenes thundered his Phillips against the tyrant of Macedon; so was it in Rome, when Tully raised his eloquent voice in defence of the popular rights; so was it in England, when a Milton, a Hampden, and other similar spirits, employed their pens and their tongues in behalf of the violated *Magna Charta* of English liberties; so was it when Kosciusko, at the head of the flower of educated brave youths of ill-fated Poland, attempted in vain to throw off the yoke of Russian despotism; so was it in France, when La Fayette and his illustrious compatriots essayed, without success, to guide their country's helm safely through the perils of regal rule, on the one hand, and bloody Jacobinism, on the other; and so was it in our own America, when a Hancock and Adams, a Washington and Warren, in council and on the field, raised their voices and arms against British oppression. Ignorance is ever the accompaniment of despotism, as learning is that of free governments.

One of the chief impediments to the advancement of learning in this country is, it is feared, the time-serving and unmanly spirit manifested by our scholars themselves—by those whose first and greatest care it should be to further the good cause by every means in their power. If they, who are the recipients of the great blessings of education, yield to the utilitarian and anti-literary prejudices of the day, by whom is it expected the glorious standard of literature and science will be upheld and borne forward? If they are faithless to the high trusts reposed in them, by whom are those trusts to be executed? Not, surely, by the ignorant and vulgar—by empty-headed and soulless agrarians.

There must be a waking up on this subject by our men of learning. A heavy responsibility rests upon them, imposed alike by duty and patriotism, to do all in their power—though it cost them their time, labour and substance—to advance the glorious cause of letters and sound education. It is the cause of our country, of truth, virtue and religion. Let that cause be triumphant over the land, and we shall witness a wonderful revolution, for the better, in the characters and conditions of our people, in whatever avocations they may be engaged. The arts of the demagogue will be forgotten, and our politicians—promoted to office upon the true republican principle of "honesty and capability"—will vie with each other in their efforts to effect "the greatest good to the greatest number;" our editors, who wield a more potent influence upon the destinies of the nation than any and every other class of our citizens, will be selected for their erudition and trustworthiness, and will perform their arduous duties in a faithful discharge of the weighty responsibilities resting upon them; our preachers of the gospel—casting aside the disgraceful prejudice which, except in partial instances, has so long kept them in ignorance, or bigotry worse than ignorance—will be able instructors in spiritual things, and fully competent, in execution of the sacred trusts of their high mission, to carry forward the glorious cause of their Master; our lawyers,—thoroughly impressed with the truth of the sentiment, "*Sat cito, si sat bene,*" which, through life, guided the action of one of England's most learned and distinguished judges,—will patiently, unweariedly, and in the spirit of patriotism, devote themselves to the study and practice of their noble profession; our doctors, disdaining quackery and empiricism in every shape, will give themselves up, with devoted ardour, and in the true spirit of humanity to the responsible art of soothing the distresses, and alleviating the "ills which flesh is heir to;" and our citizens, generally, while striving fairly and honestly to improve their individual circumstances, will labour, also, to advance the common welfare of their kind. Then, too, when the general and correct information is diffused among our people, they will see the folly of looking to foreign countries for our literary and scientific reading. And, in this connection, however irrelevant it may appear, I cannot withhold the expression, that it is humiliating in the extreme, and unworthy of the land of Channing and Upham, of Bancroft and Prescott, of Halleck and Bryant, of Irving and Cooper, to look to England, or any European country, for our standard authors in philosophy, poetry, history or fiction. It is nothing less than literary suicide; and must ever have the effect, so long as this state of things continues, (and continue it will until our people become more generally and correctly informed,) to repress the genius and energy of our native authors.

A glorious heritage have we from the hands of our patriot ancestors—the freest and greatest republic upon which the sun has ever shone.

“ Land of the *Free!*—beneath the Heaven
There’s not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime.”

When we cast our eyes over the vast expanse of our country, and behold the wonderful combination of land and water—of mountains and valleys, of oceans, seas and lakes, and behold, also, the multiplied and rapidly multiplying millions of enterprising and energetic freemen, whose habitations, stretching north, south, east and west, reach to the uttermost limits of this broad expanse, may we not, indeed, say with the poet, that to no land was ever given “a destiny more high, sublime.” That destiny will surely be achieved if our mental progress should keep pace with the increase of our population; which already presents the proudest spectacle of political greatness the world ever beheld. To this end, we must build up and sustain a Literature,—unlike that of the wornout monarchies and despotisms of Europe;—a National Literature, based upon comprehensive principles of humanity, congenial with the spirit of our institutions, and fully adequate to the energy, enterprise and varying conditions of our people.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY JOHN TOMLIN, ESQ.

CHRISTIAN! let thy holy name
Be a spot on earth most bright,
Like the illumin’d Oriflamme
That the Christ spread on the NIGHT.

Christian, in the voice of God,
As a child of meekness, trust;—
Though severely falls his rod,
The infliction must be just.

Life is wisdom!—use it well!
Life is all that will secure
Bliss, the value, none can tell;
Peace, that with the hours endure!

With a foot upon the shore,
 And a foot upon the sea,
 Tempest toss, and what is more,
 Life is thorny, still, to thee !

But take courage, give not up,
 All must feel his chastening rod—
 All must drain the bitter cup
 Ere the soul returns to God.

In his name then put thy trust—
 Trust in him is earthly gain !
 Learn to feel that thou art dust,
 Dust to be revived again.

Did not faith a Daniel save ?
 Have it, and like him be free !—
 Didst thou ever quell a wave
 On the stormy Gallilee ?

In thy travels didst thou e'er,
 Like the sainted seer of old,
 In a desert, parch'd and drear,
 As a shepherd in the fold,

As a **WITNESS** sent from God,
 With a **MISSION** to the flock,
 With the golden, charmed rod,
 Break the waters from the rock ?

Christian ! see the banners spread,
 Of the Christ that will uphold,—
 In his blood of deepest red,
 Peace is written on each fold !

Now be up and doing, for
 God will brook no long delay ;
 By the high and strong endeavour,
 Ope the gate, and find the way.

Like a trusting Mary, trust,
 Not like doubting Peter, doubt—
 For the ways of God are just,
 Though thou canst not find them out.

HUMAN RIGHTS.*

THE work before us is just such an one as we delight to meet. It is bold in spirit, fearless in the promulgation of its sentiments, original in thought, progressive in doctrine, and forcible in dictation. The author did not throw it out in an hour, for it bears evidence of mature deliberation and careful analysis. It is one of the books of the age,—and though it may not be appreciated at present, yet the time is not distant when it will be duly respected.

It is a bitter complaint against the American people, that, while they enjoy the theory of government most consistent with the largest liberty of the governed, yet they have not produced its true and scientific expounder. We are taunted with the disreputable sarcasm, that we have not been able to give the world a respectable text-book of our political theory, but have depended on the genius of foreigners who have visited us, for an exposition of our principles. This rebuke is in part merited,—for, though a government founded in nature is simple and readily understood, in all its details, by every true thinker, yet we are blameable because we have not impressed the world with the simplicity of political truth, and stripped away the drapery thrown about the dry skeleton of error. The fact is, we have ourselves groped in the dark and been loth to believe in the simplicity of political truth. We have looked upon government as a Colossus, and stood with awe before its tremendous proportions. Let us, then, relieve ourselves from this perplexity, and begin to regard ourselves as we truly are—a free people, obedient to a free government,—for though we are not as free in *fact* as we should be, yet we have within our power all the means of becoming so whenever we shall speak the word.

The founders of our constitution brought a mass of philosophy to bear upon their enterprise. They accomplished a surprising amount in a remarkably short space of time. They overthrew the temple of political error, as it were, in a day, and constructed a fabric worthy the most skillful ingenuity of centuries. They astonished the world and those for whom they thought and acted, and our reproach is, that, instead of advancing and improving their philosophy, we have not even logically prosecuted their reasoning to its proper results.

But we hope for better things. The author before us commences the too long neglected work in a noble manner, and, in part, supplies the desideratum. It commences at the beginning,

* Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guaranties. By E. P. Hurlbut, Counsellor at law in the city of New York. Greeley & McElrath. 1845.

and step by step, defines the rights of man and the nature of government. There are some things to which we must except, but the work approaches much more nearly our own views of liberty and law, than any other work we know of. It is more than half way between the common philosophy and our own.

Counsellor Hurlbut opens his subject by noticing the little or no progress we have made since 1776 in the principles of legislation, and the unstable and variable character of our governmental proceedings. Each session demolishes the handy-work of its predecessor, and the whole people are embarrassed by the change. At the threshold of this inquiry an important truth is announced, viz: "The duty of the legislator is simply to conform to natural truth. He is the mere minister and expositor of nature." Here is the secret of our instability,—a want of conformation to natural truth, which is immutable, and is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The legislator should seek the truth and proclaim it. What is truth one session is truth another, and her dictates should always be obeyed. To discover natural truth, "man must know himself, and his true relations to himself and to external nature. All truth becomes natural truth—all rights, natural rights—and all wrongs, natural wrongs." We cannot endorse the last clause of this sentence. There can be no natural wrong. Nature is harmonious in all her departments. Wrong is the result of human error. Right is natural and all nature is right. "Our business is to *perceive*—not to *create*. Man makes not good nor evil. He cannot confer rights, nor create wrongs." True, our business is to discover and not to create truth, but if man does not make evil nor create wrong, whence do they spring? If they do not originate with man, they cannot be abrogated by him.

Another important truth advanced is, that the "law is merely *declaratory* as to all natural rights, (what other rights are there?) It does not create, but enforces them; the right depending not upon the law, but the law upon the right itself." How much foolishness this simple truth overcomes! People have been taught to look to the law, not only for their rights, but for their very manhood,—whereas they should look above the law and break from the meshes of all enactments which are not declaratory of natural truth,—and, indeed, what other truth is there but natural?

Our author most triumphantly confutes the error so agreeable to tyrants, that legislation can make that wrong which was before right, and vice versa. Man has no power by enactment to forbid what nature allows, or vice versa. Every duty he enjoins which nature does not enforce, is an infliction of tyranny. "If it confer a right which nature has not ordained, it robs some one or many of that which it confers, and works injustice among men." By this rule, the law which gives to the husband all the goods of the wife is an outrage.

HUMAN RIGHTS.*

THE work before us is just such an one as we delight to meet. It is bold in spirit, fearless in the promulgation of its sentiments, original in thought, progressive in doctrine, and forcible in dictation. The author did not throw it out in an hour, for it bears evidence of mature deliberation and careful analysis. It is one of the books of the age,—and though it may not be appreciated at present, yet the time is not distant when it will be duly respected.

It is a bitter complaint against the American people, that, while they enjoy the theory of government most consistent with the largest liberty of the governed, yet they have not produced its true and scientific expounder. We are taunted with the disreputable sarcasm, that we have not been able to give the world a respectable text-book of our political theory, but have depended on the genius of foreigners who have visited us, for an exposition of our principles. This rebuke is in part merited,—for, though a government founded in nature is simple and readily understood, in all its details, by every true thinker, yet we are blameable because we have not impressed the world with the simplicity of political truth, and stripped away the drapery thrown about the dry skeleton of error. The fact is, we have ourselves groped in the dark and been loth to believe in the simplicity of political truth. We have looked upon government as a Colossus, and stood with awe before its tremendous proportions. Let us, then, relieve ourselves from this perplexity, and begin to regard ourselves as we truly are—a free people, obedient to a free government,—for though we are not as free in *fact* as we should be, yet we have within our power all the means of becoming so whenever we shall speak the word.

The founders of our constitution brought a mass of philosophy to bear upon their enterprise. They accomplished a surprising amount in a remarkably short space of time. They overthrew the temple of political error, as it were, in a day, and constructed a fabric worthy the most skillful ingenuity of centuries. They astonished the world and those for whom they thought and acted, and our reproach is, that, instead of advancing and improving their philosophy, we have not even logically prosecuted their reasoning to its proper results.

But we hope for better things. The author before us commences the too long neglected work in a noble manner, and, in part, supplies the desideratum. It commences at the beginning,

* Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guaranties. By E. P. Huribut, Counsellor at law in the city of New York. Gresly & McElrath. 1845.

and step by step, defines the rights of man and the nature of government. There are some things to which we must except, but the work approaches much more nearly our own views of liberty and law, than any other work we know of. It is more than half way between the common philosophy and our own.

Counsellor Hurlbut opens his subject by noticing the little or no progress we have made since 1776 in the principles of legislation, and the unstable and variable character of our governmental proceedings. Each session demolishes the handy-work of its predecessor, and the whole people are embarrassed by the change. At the threshold of this inquiry an important truth is announced, viz: "The duty of the legislator is simply to conform to natural truth. He is the mere minister and expositor of nature." Here is the secret of our instability,—a want of conformation to natural truth, which is immutable, and is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The legislator should seek the truth and proclaim it. What is truth one session is truth another, and her dictates should always be obeyed. To discover natural truth, "man must know himself, and his true relations to himself and to external nature. All truth becomes natural truth—all rights, natural rights—and all wrongs, natural wrongs." We cannot endorse the last clause of this sentence. There can be no natural wrong. Nature is harmonious in all her departments. Wrong is the result of human error. Right is natural and all nature is right. "Our business is to *perceive*—not to *create*. Man makes not good nor evil. He cannot confer rights, nor create wrongs." True, our business is to discover and not to create truth, but if man does not make evil nor create wrong, whence do they spring? If they do not originate with man, they cannot be abrogated by him.

Another important truth advanced is, that the "law is merely *declaratory* as to all natural rights, (what other rights are there?) It does not create, but enforces them; the right depending not upon the law, but the law upon the right itself." How much foolishness this simple truth overcomes! People have been taught to look to the law, not only for their rights, but for their very manhood,—whereas they should look above the law and break from the meshes of all enactments which are not declaratory of natural truth,—and, indeed, what other truth is there but natural?

Our author most triumphantly confutes the error so agreeable to tyrants, that legislation can make that wrong which was before right, and vice versa. Man has no power by enactment to forbid what nature allows, or vice versa. Every duty he enjoins which nature does not enforce, is an infliction of tyranny. "If it confer a right which nature has not ordained, it robs some one or many of that which it confers, and works injustice among men." By this rule, the law which gives to the husband all the goods of the wife is an outrage.

In speaking of the natural condition of man, another great truth is proclaimed, viz: "The state of civilization is the true natural condition of the human race." We are almost universally referred to the savage state for the natural condition of man. This is but a link in the great chain of political error so generally taught. The more savage a people are, the more unnatural, for all were designed for enlightened civilization. The counsellor says, that "in the nursery of human infancy are betrayed the true natural desires, emotions and faculties, of all human beings. We need not go back to the early ages of the world, for the cradle presents us with the early age of every man—of savage man in the bosom of civilized life." It may be doubtful about the "nursery of infancy" being the place to observe the most natural condition of man. Every infant is influenced in its growth and development by the condition of its parents, and if they were unnatural in their conduct, their offspring will be also. The surest source of knowledge on this subject is in the history of the best men who live or have lived. Nature is simplicity, truth and goodness, and he who possesses the greatest share of these attributes, is the most natural.

The Counsellor calls to his aid the principles of phrenology, which he makes his standard in estimating the true nature of man. He pretends to derive therefrom two fundamental truths, viz.: 1. That mankind have one *common nature*, which is now ascertained and well defined. 2. That this common nature is composed of certain well-known intellectual faculties, moral emotions and desires, or passions, which are *innate*, and spring from the very existence of a human being. He need not have gone to phrenology for these truths, for they were of age before *bumps* had a "local habitation and a name." Those faculties, etc. which he deems essential to this discussion, he thus enumerates: "The desire of life—the desire of food—the desire of safety—the desire of exclusive property and possession—the innate love of the opposite sex—the faculty to communicate ideas—the sentiment of reverence and awe—the disposition to have faith—to wonder—a love of the beautiful and perfect—a love of praise and commendation—a desire to see others happy—a love of justice—a sense of right—a feeling of self-esteem or pride." These and all other desires and emotions are vindicated with zeal—their indulgence being the right of every intelligent being. They are pure in themselves, and as long as they are controlled by reason, the empress of the mind, their exercise is the source of human happiness. Wherever there is a faculty there is a right to its exercise, and hence are derived the rights of man. The basis of all rights is "that man shall pursue his own true and substantial happiness," and to every thing which can contribute to this end he has a right, subject only to the condition that the means for

obtaining it be adopted. It may be questionable whether one of the desires enumerated above be natural, viz. : the desire of *exclusive property and possession*. We rather incline to the opinion of Bentham on this point, " that there is no such thing as natural property—it is entirely the work of law." If the true definition of property were limited to its true signification, viz. movable goods, we should not raise the question—but to say that man has a right to the exclusive possession of the soil, is to advocate the discord of nature. The earth belongs to the whole race, and no one has a right to the exclusive, perpetual control of a single foot. He can use it, or as much thereof as is demanded for his sustenance, but he outrages the rights of others when he tyrannizes over more, or attempts to convey even that. The extent of this natural desire is the satisfaction of present wants, beyond which there is no natural passion for property. Man desires property because human tyranny has created a necessity for it, and man has abused his faculties and the gifts of God. The origin of *meum* and *tuum* is in human wrong, not in the pure dictates of nature. Nature says one has an equal right to the means of life with another, and had man always been obedient to her laws, each would strive only for the good of all, and every thing acquired would be considered the property of all. But to proceed :

" The fundamental rights of man are : 1. The right of existence, and 2. The right to happiness." Consequently, all have a right to all the means of happiness and the perpetuation of existence. " There is no natural law which opposes the happiness of man. Life is bestowed by the giver of all good for the purpose of happiness. If so, to live and be happy is our right." In this connection is an argument raised against capital punishment,— " life being the *gift* of God, when once bestowed, becomes a *right* as against all but the donor. He who conferred, can alone rightfully take away."

" Man's rights, then, are incidents of his very nature; and if we would define his rights, we must know his mental constitution." Man must " live and move and have his being" according to the laws of his organization. He has wants and desires, and the means of gratification are spread around him. Every faculty, emotion or desire, is pure in itself, and its abuse only is wrong. " He is admitted to be the master-work of an all-wise and beneficent Creator. This alone ought to be presumptive evidence of the natural excellence of his character. They who assert the natural depravity of man, ought to consider his source, before they speak so lightly of him. It is not easily reconcilable with appropriate reverence for the Deity, for a creature to pronounce the noblest work of the Creator upon earth to be totally depraved. We have no very satisfactory evidence that man was ever any better than he now appears; nay, the evidence seems to be in

favour of his progressive improvement from the earliest ages of the world, so that if he be altogether evil now in his advanced state of improvement, it is hard to conjecture how bad he may have been at first. He certainly could not have promised very fair at the commencement of his pilgrimage upon earth! The earth itself has advanced towards perfection and adaptation to the wants of organized beings, by various stages and grades of improvement, and it is in harmony with all analogy to suppose, that the races of animals and men have kept pace in their improvement with the globe which they inhabit."

Having determined the source of rights, the Counsellor next inquires into our wants. "The first great natural want of man is the *society of his fellow men*. The hermit restrains and perverts his nature." The employment of our faculties and the gratification of our emotions and desires, demand the general society of the race. Man always has been in society, and he must always continue there. Man's own natural impulses force him into society, and therefore she owes not her origin to a calculation of greater security or increased facilities for pecuniary gain. "Society owes not its origin to a sense of fear or the love of money." Man is incapable of enduring solitude. Every faculty and desire demand society. He cannot otherwise exercise his natural rights, and it is absurd to say that he must surrender any of them in order to live in the society of his fellow men. "Man's whole nature may be gratified so that the harmony of its powers be not disturbed,—and government cannot demand the surrender of a single right as a condition of man's existence in the social state. Human legislators cannot, without an infringement of human rights, deny to man the beautiful and harmonious exercise of all his intellectual and moral powers, since this exercise is necessary to human happiness." Tyranny asserts that man must surrender some rights in order to enjoy the privileges of society. But this error is rebuked when we reflect that "nature confers all rights, and that it is the only business of law to protect them."

"Who can rise superior to the laws of the Creator, and dictate the surrender of a single human right? A surrender of human rights! Who stands up between man and heaven to receive the dreadful sacrifice? A man? He dare not, *as man*, attempt the rash and wicked deed. But government—government—may swallow up all rights! And what is government, in its very nature, but the instrument adopted by mankind for the declaration and defence of the rights of humanity?" Were it not for what follows on the origin and function of government, we should be compelled to except to the doctrine last advanced, that government is "adopted by man." Government is coeval with mind and truth. It prevails in the moral as well as the natural world. Man is born into the world subject to government, and her laws

he is bound to obey. There is no alternative except disobedience and punishment. He cannot choose the laws he would be governed by, nor make a law that is morally binding upon him. But Mr. Hurlbut is relieved from this criticism by saying that, "government emanates from the moral attributes of mankind." If it is to be understood as emanating in the same manner from the moral attributes of man as it does from the bodies of infinite space, this is correct, for the origin of government whether of mind or matter is the same. He says again, "There is a natural necessity for government, arising from the disparity which exists in the powers and faculties of the different individuals of the human family." Government is not founded on any such necessity. Government is order—"order is the first law of nature." Government would exist though every individual were perfect and there were no such disparity. But if he means by government only the employment of coercive measures and physical restraints, he is correct,—but this is not government—it is only its outward manifestation. He next quotes Vattel with approval where he says, "If all men were always equally wise, just, and equitable, the law of nature would doubtless be sufficient for society." We beg leave to say that the law of nature is the only law that can justly be obeyed, whether men be saints or sinners. There can be no *law* but natural. All that man has to do, under any circumstances, is to discover the eternal dictates of justice, and follow them,—these dictates are divine and consequently natural. Again: "Government ought to prescribe such limits to individual action as are sanctioned by reason and natural morality." Natural government *does* thus prescribe,—sometimes the unjust institutions of men do not. Government imposes no restraints upon human conduct, whose justice is not acknowledged by the mass of intelligent beings. The only true test of the legitimacy of regulations which are enforced, is, the promotion of the greatest possible amount of happiness to *all*—not the greatest number—but to *all*, for society has not the power to make me suffer though every other individual of the race be benefitted thereby. The moral power of society is the only rightful executive,—and this, strengthened by an enlightened intellect, will rarely be tyrannous, but always conform to the true rule of happiness:—which is, "to gratify all the desires of man's nature, under the sanction of the moral sentiments, enlightened by the powers of the cultivated intellect. This is the fullest enjoyment of human rights—the true exercise of the "*largest liberty*." To such a government no natural right is surrendered, neither does a good man feel its restraints.

"Government must result from the *consent* of those who are bound by its laws." This doctrine of "consent" is false from the bottom. Government in no manner results from the consent of

the governed. Man is born to be governed by laws that are from everlasting to everlasting, and there is no "consent" in the matter. Man may choose to disobey all law, but government is above him notwithstanding, lashing him into submission by her penalties. Society has no right to make any laws for my government. All the laws I am justly called upon to obey are older than society, and were formed without the consent of any man. They result from the moral and intellectual constitution of man. They a knowledge the equality of all men in rights, and are impartial in their application. All partial legislation is an outrage, and the country is full of it. "Government has nothing to bestow upon any man; it can only serve to protect him in all that he hath." It cannot bestow special privileges, for all private favours are at the public expense. Man demands free course and clear way for the exercise of his natural powers. "What position, then, ought a just government to take in reference to the grant of charters conferring special privileges?" I answer—*the ground of general legislation, and consequently* the denial of every special application. General laws should be made for the satisfaction of claims against the state in the courts of justice—for the incorporation of towns and cities—and if necessary, on the subject of banking. No local or partial legislation should be tolerated. It is the source of much of the political corruption that afflicts us. The legislator, who is but the expounder of natural law for the people, should know no individual, but have regard solely to humanity at large. A few general laws are all that should find a place on the statute book. The extremity of physical power should be rarely called into requisition in the administration of government. The silent, potent and reforming moral power, should be left as far as possible to administer its own government. "There is a public necessity for the adoption of this principle of general legislation. A republic cannot long endure without it. Public virtue will perish in the halls of special legislation. The laws must cease to confer privilege, and become the bulwark of human rights. They must be directed to the restraint of vice, and not to the restraint of business. All laws which have not natural morality for their foundation are the tricks of ambition or avarice, to defraud mankind. The Sovereign of the universe has legislated for man; has stamped his laws upon his moral constitution; and thus provided, man needs nothing from human legislation but the protection of his natural rights."

We have thus noticed the chapter on the origin of human rights, and also chapter second on the function of government. A few remarks on chapter third, on the constitution of government, and we leave this book for the present.

The rights of man will be insecure as long as there are bad men in society. Hence the necessity of a central, physical arm,

as well as a moral and intellectual head, to restrain the wicked and protect the good. Let this not be construed into an opinion of ours that a physical government is absolutely necessary to human happiness. This is a question we have under consideration.

"The power of government must reside somewhere. A few men in society are violently at war with the rights of others. Nevertheless, almost all civilized men are capable of appreciating the rules of right. The enactment and execution of these rules constitute the functions of civil government. This power resides with those who are intrusted in its exercise. The American constitutions uniformly declare that the people are the source of all political power. It is both their right and duty to discharge this high moral function in their primary assemblies whenever it is practicable; and when they seem to relinquish the power of governing, by delegating to state officers the exercise of certain public functions, they do not renounce their sovereignty, but are still masters of the state, retiring from the direct control of its affairs from motives of convenience only." Wherever the people directly exercise power, there is no need of a constitution; their intelligence and moral sense are the rule of action. This is a pure democracy, and is confined to small portions of territory. But great extent of territory presents an obstacle to this mode, and hence power must be delegated to agents who must look for their authority in the constitution. To guard against abuse, it becomes necessary to distribute these powers among several departments, so constituted as to check each other.

"A constitution is no more a contract than a common-law power of attorney, which vests no personal interest in the agent. It is an appointment, an authority, merely during the pleasure of the principal." The people are the principal and can make their constitution at pleasure. Counsellor Hurlbut takes strong and substantial ground against the validity of any clause restraining the people in changing or amending their constitution. Any law to be valid, must be a natural or moral law, and what the people of one generation may deem moral law, the people of a subsequent age may, by superior knowledge, discover to be ignorant. Then arises the imperious duty to repeal or annul the law, under whatever name it appears, and any restraints incorporated in the constitution or law itself, are absolutely null and void. The power of the sovereign people cannot be thus annihilated. The people cannot bind themselves to an irrevocable constitution, neither can they bind those who shall come after them for a moment after the majority has declared itself. Whenever a majority say they will have a reformed constitution, they have a right to it, and no power can justly prevent it. "A constitutional amendment is no more to be dreaded than a legislative act; and

in a state where the population is doubled once in twenty years, and wealth is quadrupled in the same period, the people outgrow their old constitution, as certainly as children do their swaddling clothes."

"It is one office of the constitution to delegate and distribute the powers of government." "Another office of the constitution is to provide for the choice of all public functionaries by the people."

"It is entirely out of harmony with our whole theory of government, to deny the right of the people to choose their agents. The fabric of self-government has no foundation, unless it be conceded that the people have a right, and are competent to choose, in the most direct manner, every officer of the State. *

* * * Admit the sovereignty of the people, and, it necessarily follows that, in every instance, it is their right and duty to choose the officers of state; their right because of their supremacy, and their duty because of the immense moral interests which are staked upon the action of government. Herein the American constitutions depart from the true theory of rightful government, by providing for the appointment of very many important officers of state by the agents of the people, instead of providing for the choice of all officers by the people themselves. The worst corruptions nestle in the bosom of the executive department, and this branch of government can never be purified without stripping it of patronage. Let the people resume the power of appointing to office, which they have improperly delegated to this department, and they will redeem it from temptation and corrupting influences—from the importunities and bribes of office-seekers—the scandal of the disappointed, and the false eulogy of the gratified applicants for official station. Let the people have a direct vote upon the choice of every officer, from the president of the United States to the constable of a town—from a secretary of state to a deputy postmaster—and no longer cheat the true sovereigns in a free state out of the best portion of their rightful authority, by the trick of executive appointment to office.

As there can be no violation of the natural laws, without consequent evil—so a government, based upon the principles of justice and equality, cannot violate the law of its existence without receiving harm—and the American people are, at present, afflicted with the curse of executive patronage, for their transgression of the fundamental principle of a free government."

All the features we have borrowed from the limited monarchy of Great Britain and strangely incorporated in our constitutions, should be abrogated. Our ancestors had no other source to look to for a model, and, therefore, the imitations are not extraordinary or strange. Nurtured as they had been, under British law, and

in the British spirit, it is not surprising that their predilections were British. They thought their old constitution the best that could be formed with safety, and eulogised the common law as the perfection of reason. All had their doubts of the success of their "experiment," and some believed a free government would at length merge into the British form. The debates of the convention that framed our Constitution, as reported by Madison, show this. Mr. Pickney believed this would be the result, after the lapse of a considerable period of time. Mr. Hamilton thought unfavourably of a republican government. Governeur Morris seconded a motion allowing the President to retain office during good behaviour. Dr. Franklin thought there was a natural inclination in mankind to a kingly government, and he was apprehensive that the government of these states would end in a monarchy. Eldridge Gerry thought democracy the worst of all political evils. But, notwithstanding such was the sentiment prevailing among some of the most influential members of this renowned convention, the result of their deliberations was the establishment of a freer constitution than the most sanguine republicans of them all had anticipated! We have had half a century's experience under it, and have learned not to fear the freedom and sovereignty of the people. We are now prepared for consummating a free government—for conceding to the people the utmost limit of political power. They are the only correctors of abuses, and corruption is invariably found where they have not a direct control. Let, then, the constitutions all be amended so as to complete the harmony of written law with nature's unwritten code. Let not legislation transcend the bounds of necessity. Government consists not in constitutions or statute law, but is the same in authority over the moral conduct of mankind, though not a law be written except where God has transcribed it—on the moral and intellectual constitution of our nature. The aspect of law-makers, as they are improperly styled, is that of force and coercion. This is repulsive, and there is a disposition in the breasts of many to array themselves against it. Great advantage would therefore be gained by greatly curtailing legislation, and interfering only with some of the extreme causes of insubordination to truth and virtue. The business or morals of the people should be interfered with as little as possible, for moral power asks no aid from concentrated force. It may be a question whether legislation, as it has been and is conducted in these states, is not productive of more harm than benefit.

We intend to discuss, at some future time, the important questions which here arise.

We have thus reviewed three chapters of the book before us. We shall continue the review in subsequent numbers of the "Journal and Review" until it be completed. We cannot avoid, notwithstanding the opposition we have waged to some of its

positions, recommending it to the careful attention of the public. It is a book that all should possess, and we hope its thinking author will continue his political writings. We have arrived at a juncture that demands the boldness of firm and independent minds. The people are in a transition state, and, if the thinkers of the age do their duty, a second great victory can be achieved for humanity not inferior in splendour to the first.

Hereafter we shall have occasion to regard this work most favourably. It is, on the whole, a most valuable contribution to the political philosophy of the country.

EDGAR A. POE.*

EDGAR A. POE occupies a conspicuous position in the literary world. He has attained considerable reputation as a prose and poetical writer. He is—what can be said of few—*sui generis*, stamped with his own originality. It seems to have been his aim to do and be something different from any one else. In this, we think, he has rather strained himself, and overdone the thing. He has presumed largely on his own reputation to give credit to any thing he might write, on the one hand, and largely on the gullibility of the people, on the other, to swallow his imaginings for realities. How far he has succeeded, his reputation answers. He has done many things well—exceedingly well. His peculiar characteristic is wildness—ethereality,—though his celestial journeys are not in circles, as are the flights of most other heavenly bodies; but in tangents—so that it is difficult, at all times, to find him. His mind is peculiarly nervous by nature. We never saw him, but can conceive him to be, in height about five feet nine,—in weight, about one hundred and thirty,—in age, about forty,—pale, cadaverous and Cassius looking,—with a large black eye, overhung with prominent perceptive faculties, and black, heavy eyebrows,—in demeanor, rather cold and unsocial, arising from his inattention to externals, and constant musings and dreamings with himself. His sleep is, doubtless, any thing but quiet, owing to the chimeras, hobgoblins and spectres that dance in his visions.

Mr. Poe has high claims to a substantial reputation as a critic. He has served in this capacity faithfully, as many an aspirant for fame can testify. He has clapped up more poetry than all the other critics of the land put together, and many a worshipper of the muse has shivered and shuddered before his words, as though they were a shower of brickbats.

* "THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS," by Edgar A. Poe. Wiley & Putnam, N. Y.

On the whole, we regard him as no ordinary genius. He is a man of genius rather than talents,—though were his genius less, and his talents greater, he would do more for the good of the world, and his own reputation.

Now for the poems before us. Some of them are excellent. The author says in his preface, that his poems are collected chiefly to "redeem them from the improvements to which they have been subjected in going the rounds of the press." He confesses that they are of little value to the public, or credit to himself. He also says that poetry has been, with him, a passion, "and the passions must be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will, be excited," &c. This is modest enough, but not a very fair apology for discreditable and valueless poetry, for if he possesses the "passion," and writes only when it impels, his effusions ought to be nothing else than good and soul-stirring.

The leading poem is "The Raven," from which title few would conjecture its nature. It is a perfect original, and will live longer than its author.

The scene of "The Raven" is his study, on a dreary midnight in bleak December. The author, weak and weary, pondered over the volumes of forgotten lore, until, beginning to nod, he heard a tapping at his door. Then follow ghosts, dancing on the floor—rustling of the purple curtains, as though they concealed some direful shape. He was thrilled, and trembled with fantastic terrors. He sorrowed for his radiant maiden, the lost Lenore. At length he summoned courage enough to peer into the darkness, though with much shivering, quivering, and dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before. But all was silent and dark, save the whispered word "Lenore." He turned back into his chamber, but still the tapping was louder than before. He then threw up the window-shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter, stepped in a "stately raven of the saintly days of yore," which perched upon the bust of Pallas, above his chamber door.

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

This reply, of course, occasions surprise, as no mortal had ever been known to be blessed with a talking-bird, sitting above his chamber door, named "Nevermore." The thought arises that he will leave him on the morrow, as "other friends have flown before"—but the bird said "Nevermore."

"Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

Then began an earnest thinking what this ghastly, ominous bird "meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'" After guessing, and fancying, and thinking awhile,—

"Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore !'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"'Prophet !' said I, 'thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I implore !'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"'Prophet !' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil !
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

"'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
Leave my loneliness unbroken :—quit the bust above my door !
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door !'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore !"

One objection we have to its general tenor, is that it associates the author with the people of ancient times, when the fate of man was seen by the perverted imagination in the flight and song of ominous birds, or in the appearance of the intestines of the beasts sacrificed to the gods; and with those old women of the days of witchcraft, who were haunted, night and day, by horrid shapes and ghastly spectres. Only think, Edgar A. Poe—a thinker of the nineteenth century—the scourge of all who aspire to poesy—Edgar A. Poe frightened at the approach of a witch on a broom-stick ! See him tremble with affright, and quiver like an aspen leaf ! See each "particular hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." If he had personified in this piece one of those curious beings who are startled at every rustling—afraid in the dark—unable to pass a graveyard, between sunset and dark, without fainting, and whose disordered brain reels with spectral delusions, he would have written more sensibly. However, we may be in error,—for perhaps he has represented himself with more truth than fiction, and the whole matter is natural.

With a word or two we dismiss "*The Raven*." In the fifth stanzas

"Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

We ask the reader to fancy Poe all shrivelled up, glaring wildly, and reaching forward to peer into the darkness to see what "scared him;" ready, with hand on bolt, to dodge back and bolt the door, should he make a discovery in the "*darkness*." "Dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before,"—we thought dreams were involuntary, and those we would least dare to dream, we are most apt to dream. Again, in the seventh verse, he flung up the shutter, and in there stepped a stately raven. Now, considering the chills that had crawled over him, while hearing the tapping at the door, the rustling of the curtains, and peering into the darkness, we should naturally expect a perfect congelation on the advent of the raven; but, on the contrary

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore."

Ah, Poe! this won't do;—let us have the whole thing, and not a jumbled up inconsistency. In another stanza his sad soul is beguiled into smiling by the same object "whose fiery eyes *burned into his bosoms core*," and further on he represents himself as being haunted with horror, all of which will hardly sing on the same key with smiling. In the last stanzas quoted above, it has been asked where the lamp could have stood to stream its light over the raven sitting above his chamber door, and throw its "shadow on the floor?"

"*The Valley of Unrest*," the second piece in this volume, is destitute of every mark of poetry, except its rhyme, which is very imperfect, and the capitals that commence each line. The "*Bridal Ballad*," is passable. "*The Sleeper*" is imperfect in harmony, and we protest against the lines quoted below:

"My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!"

Wretched must be the taste that relishes the last line in connection with the other two. Oh, Edgar!

"*The Coliseum*" is excellent. It carries us back to the ruins of Eld, and makes us feel the

"Vastness and Age! and memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!"

that surround them.

The poem "*Israfel*," is unworthy the talents of E. A. Poe. "*Dream-Land*," "*To One in Paradise*," and "*The Conqueror*

Worm," are of a high order for short poems. There are many other pieces in this volume, but none particularly striking except "*Scenes from 'Politian,'*" an unpublished drama. The part given forces a desire to see the whole; which we hope Mr. Poe will not be backward in handing over to the printer. In passing we must quote the following address of Lalage to a mirror in scene second :

"Ha! here at least's a friend—too much a friend
 In earlier days—a friend will not deceive thee.
 Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)
 A tale—a pretty tale—and heed thou not
 Though it be rife with wo. It answers me.
 It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
 And Beauty long deceased—remembers me
 Of Joy departed—Hope, the Seraph Hope,
 Inurned and entombed!—now, in a tone
 Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
 Whispers of early grave untimely yawning
 For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true!—thou liest not!
 Thou hast no end to gain—no heart to break—
 Castiglione lied who said he loved—
 Thou true—he false!—false!—false!"

We had prepared an extended notice of this drama, but it proved too long for insertion in this number. It is, indeed, a readable production—but it is questionable whether it is adapted to the stage. As to this, however, we cannot judge until the whole be published. We close by asking Mr. Poe's pardon for the liberty we have taken with his poems, and assuring him that a more careful examination would have enabled us to speak of them more justly.

A GOOD WORK.

"THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE AND SCIENCE," is an excellent work, published in Albany, New York, containing about two hundred octavo pages, for three dollars per annum. A general review of its merits is crowded out of this number of the Journal. Among the valuable articles of the number before us, we must particularize one on the "Food of Animals," by Thomas Hun, M. D., with which no one could fail to be interested; one entitled "The Education of Farmers," and another on "Injurious Insects." The work is illustrated with elegant coloured drawings. We hope it will be abundantly patronized. If the people would read less fiction and study more science, they would be vastly more improved.